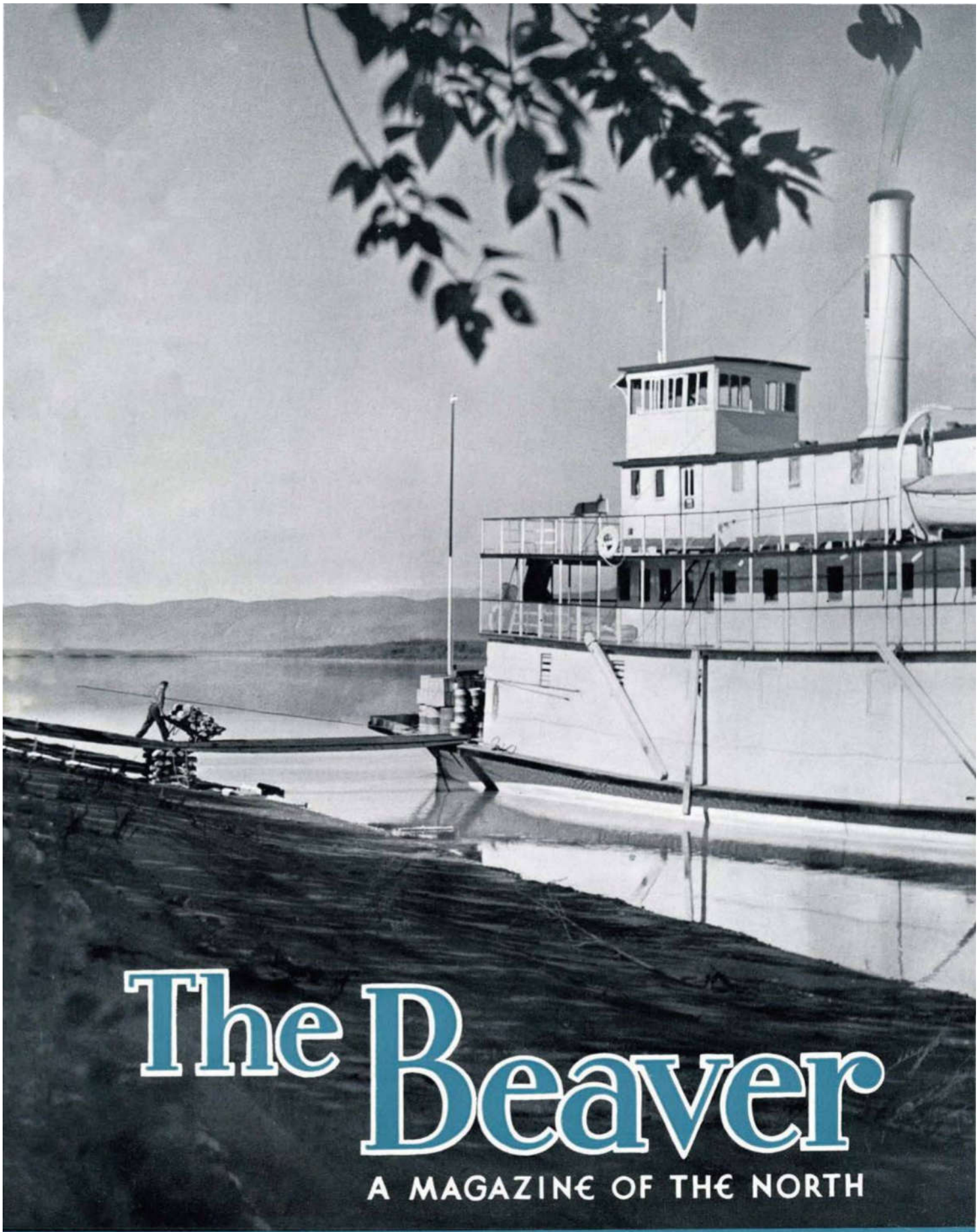

The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670 OUTFIT 277 JUNE 1946

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Owahsheshuk C. N. Stephen

CONTENTS

The "Distributor" at Fort Wrigley—R. N. Hourde 1

Exercise Muskox—Staff Sgt. Fred Way 3

Early Ships in Hudson's Bay—Alice M. Johnson 10

Fishing in Lake Winnipeg—Effie Butler 14

McLoughlin and the Indians—Dorothy Johansen 18

Moose Factory—J. L. Cotter and C. P. Wilson 22

Eskimos in 1746—Henry Ellis 30

Abitibi Holiday—P. Randall and J. T. H. Johnson 34

Nature Studies—W. F. Montgomery 37

The London Fur Sales 38

How Goose Bay was Discovered—Kenneth Wright 42

Summer Packet 46

Book Reviews 48

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE WINNIPEG, CANADA

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Exercise Muskox

by Staff Sgt. Fred Way
Photos by Canadian Army

MILITARY operations throughout World War II, under severe winter conditions such as those encountered on the plains of Russia, Italy's Appenines, the mountains of India, the interior of China and the wet-cold Aleutian Islands, gave rise to techniques and problems never considered previously. It was to investigate this type of warfare that the Canadian Army ran a series of military exercises, the chief of which were known by the code names, "Polar Bear," "Eskimo," "Lemming" and "Muskox."

Exercise Muskox was planned for the winter of 1945-46 and, though the war had ended, it was seen that the scheme would teach many lessons which would have valuable application in the peace-time development of the Canadian North. It was decided to proceed with the operation while equipment and personnel were still available.

The plan called for a small force of a dozen tracked over-snow vehicles to make a 3200-mile trek as shown on the accompanying map. A large percentage of Muskox's personnel were scientists and technical observers like its commander, Lt.-Col. P. D. Baird, geologist and Arctic explorer. There were meteorologists, magneticians, and experts looking for data on various types of Arctic garb, engineers observing the performance of over-snow vehicles, communications engineers testing equipment in the world's most erratic auroral zone, chroniclers and cameramen to make a permanent record of the trip, and the pick of Canadian Army men who had volunteered to drive and maintain the snowmobiles and keep radio communication.

No. 1 Air Supply Unit of the R.C.A.F., working with the Army's Muskox Air Supply Section, whose personnel were trained in the preparation of cargoes to be parachuted or dropped free, was responsible for supplying the force with fuel, rations and equipment, experimenting and making observations on problems of navigation.

After three months' training at Gimli and Churchill, eleven 4½-ton snowmobiles and a 1½-ton "Weasel" lined up on the clear 44-below-zero morning of February 15, 1946. Brigadier R. O. G. Morton, C.B.E., D.O.C. Military District No. 10, addressed the force and took the salute, accompanied on the saluting base by senior Canadian, British and United States Army and Air staff officers. The convoy stopped in Churchill to hear the townsfolk's words of pride and interest in the project and wishes of Godspeed in an address from Bob Urquhart, manager of the Hudson's Bay post. Then to the salvo of two bronze cannon in front of the Company's store, the iron dogs rumbled with their sleds down to the Churchill River, where they twisted, turned and lunged among the grotesque shapes of pressure ice and drifted snow, past the grain elevator to the sea-ice of Button Bay. That night they camped almost fifty miles north at the mouth of the Seal River.

The following day brought a sample of the weather that during the first half of the trip caused numerous delays, and it was not until the night of February 20 that the force plugged wearily into the trading and mission settlement of Eskimo Point, where they spent a scheduled one-day halt. There were only twelve white people living in the settlement, consisting of Chesley Russell, the Hudson's Bay Company factor, with his wife and child, the Company clerk, an Anglican missionary with his wife and two children, two members of the R.C.M.P. and two Roman Catholic missionaries. Muskoxers found them all generous and friendly, making light of their isolation.

The next leg of the trip, inland from Hudson Bay, produced the worst weather of the winter, and halfway from Eskimo Point to Baker Lake the group was forced to sit out a day-and-a-half long blizzard. In addition to the weather, the terrain proved difficult and dangerous. In the vicinity of Lakes Kaminak and Kaminuriak the ground looked smooth enough from the air, but strewn boulders covering the drifted snow were hard to spot and forced slow travel and a detour from the planned route. It was in this region that major errors of mapping were brought to light and, in some cases, the ground was uncharted. Here, too, the first major repair task was effected, that of replacing the entire right suspension of a snowmobile with a new unit parachuted from an R.C.A.F. Dakota.

On the evening of February 28, Lt.-Col. Baird led the first four of his vehicles into the Baker Lake settlement, the remainder arriving the next morning. After half a week of rugged weather with little sleep and no chance to pitch tents, the hospitality of the settlement was indeed a boon. The R.C.M.P., Anglican and Roman Catholic missions, and Sandy Lunan, the Hudson's Bay Company factor, extended themselves to make the most of their limited facilities. The Eskimos also joined in to assist in any way they could. Sunday church services were conducted at the missions, and credit arrangments made, enabling members of the force to deal conveniently with the Company's trading establishments along the route.

A party led by Lt.-Col. Graham Rowley, pre-war Arctic explorer and archaeologist, had bulldozed a landing strip on the ice and established a meteorological and signals station a week before. Air-ferried supplies to maintain the force on its run to Perry River had also been laid in.

At Baker Lake the force was also reorganized, and from that point on consisted of ten snowmobiles. There were now two divisions, with Lt.-Col. Baird leading the first and Captain E. V. Stewart the second.

North along the Thelon River, across Lake Macdougall, the party travelled, following rivers and small lakes often unmarked on the map. Rough pounding proved hard on the sleds, and replacements for runners as well as parts for snowmobiles were parachuted to the force. March 9, the force crossed the Back River, which flows 600 miles from Contwayto Lake to Chantrey Inlet, and shortly after noon on March 11 crossed the Arctic Circle on meridian 99 degrees 30 minutes west. The terrain seemed easier after that, and on March 13 they reached the trading post at Perry River on an island in Queen Maud Gulf. It was a festival for the Eskimos and every Muskox tent held open house.

A fast run over the sea ice of Queen Maud Gulf brought the force to Cambridge Bay on Victoria Island, where they found another Company trading post, and the famous R.C.M.P. supply ship *St. Roch*, wintering fast in the Arctic ice. During the week-long halt, three snowmobiles under Colonel Baird made a 100-mile sortie to Denmark Bay, where they erected a cairn. The remainder of the force carried out maintenance and rested for the trip south.

Two days across the sea ice of Coronation Gulf brought the party to Coppermine on the mainland, where a Hadrian glider, towed from the new advanced base at Norman Wells, landed on the ice and was later snatched up by the towing craft for the return flight.

On the last day of March, the men pushed on into a new type of country and found themselves ploughing through deep snow and climbing steep hills. As they approached the Dismal Lakes, they stopped for a long look at a few small spruce trees, the first vegetation of any kind they had seen since leaving Churchill. After skirting 2000-foot hills and winding through narrow gorges, they came onto Great Bear Lake and turned south towards Port Radium, location of the famous Eldorado Radium Mine.

About nine p.m. on April 4, scarcely a mile and a half out of Radium, occurred the first serious mishap of the trek, when the second vehicle in the column broke through the top layers of lake ice at a "pressure crack." Lower layers held and the vehicle was saved without more than minor damage, but not without the tragic loss of the life of John Tanner, tractor operator of the mining company, who came out to help in the rescue operations and whose Caterpillar turned over and crushed him before breaking through into forty or more feet of water.

After an otherwise pleasant three days' stay as guests of the Eldorado Mining Company, when the men were able to enjoy the first showers in seven weeks and meals in a regular cookhouse, the force set out across the lake to reach the winter tractor trail which brought them from the site of old Fort Franklin to Fort Norman where the Great Bear River joins the Mackenzie.

The route from Fort Norman lay south along the winter tractor trail of the wartime Canol Project, through Fort Simpson, where the Department of Transport maintains an airport, across the slush-covered ice of the Mackenzie and Liard Rivers, and along the bush trails that lead into the northeast corner of British Columbia. Spring thaw conditions made heavy going in crumbling snow that would not pack by day so the routine was changed to permit travel at night. One snowmobile, relieved of its sled, broke trail and the others followed in its tracks. By the time the Petitot River was crossed, there was scarcely any snow left on the trail, and the snowmobiles were dragging their sleds through red mud and deep swamps. A day and a half later, after miles of running on a trail "more like a canal," the force was confronted by the Nelson River, thrown into flood by an unusually early thaw.

The Nelson was no barrier to the force, however, and the ten snowmobiles sped on to their objective—Edmonton.

At Fort Nelson the moving force struck the Alaska Highway, and travelled south along it past the railhead at Dawson Creek. But the "snows" were never intended for dusty highway travel, and at Grande Prairie it was decided to put them on board a train and travel by rail to Edmonton. They arrived on May 6, only one day later than the scheduled end of the 3,200-mile journey.

Grouped around one of the old cannons at Fort Prince of Wales are some of the distinguished visitors to the Churchill base. Left to right, Commandant J. A. Ducq, Belgium; Lt.-Cmdr. H. Groman, U.S.A.; Major H. P. Emond, Canada (seated); Bob Urquhart, Hudson's Bay post manager, who charged and fired the cannon as the party arrived; Lt.-Col. Patrick Baird, commander of the "Muskox" moving force; Lt.-Col. P. I. Domashev, U.S.S.R.; Lt.-Col. H. Mesnet, France (at top); W/C Felix Olmede, Chile; I. Levin, interpreter, U.S.S.R.; Lt.-Col. J. D. Cleghorn, E.D., base commander, "Muskox"; Lt.-Col. J. P. Thomas, U.S.A. (standing); Major H. C. Archer, U.S.A.

The Company's Ford V-8 Snowflier at Coppermine in 1934. J. H. Webster.

Editorial Comment

The importance of Exercise Muskox lies, of course, in the lessons it has taught. It is too early to make any definite statements on the conclusions the Army has drawn from it, but a few remarks on some of the more obvious ones may not be out of place here.

The most radical departure from accepted northern practice was travel by means of over-snow vehicles. Some newspaper reports stated that powered vehicles had never before been used in the Arctic; but actually the Hudson's Bay Company were using tractors seventeen years ago. On six trips between Wager Bay and the mouth of Back's River they hauled freight during the winter of 1928-9, and in the two following winters they were used again between Churchill and Caribou. Then, as described in *The Beaver* for June 1944, the Company shipped a Ford V-8 Snowflier to Coppermine in 1934 as an experiment in faster travel.

This machine was speedy enough in the early winter, but after April the treads had a nasty habit of digging themselves into the snow. Also, when the gas was not carefully filtered, hairs from deerskin clothing would get into the carburetor.

The experience thus gained in the use of gasoline driven machines during the Arctic winter was of course conveyed to the Army while the Muskox expedition was being planned.

The chief fault of the snowmobiles—or "snows" as they were familiarly called—used by Muskox were a high consumption of gasoline and a short wheelbase. So much gas was used on the trip from Churchill to Baker Lake that it was decided to cut the number of vehicles from twelve to ten. High fuel consumption also meant that the R.C.A.F. Dakotas supplying the gas by parachute were obliged to fly through weather they would otherwise not have attempted.

The short wheelbase made the vehicles rock badly when travelling over the hard, ridgy snow of the Arctic. One newspaper writer who rode across the comparatively smooth surface of frozen Baker Lake said that it was like being inside a cocktail shaker. Another had nothing but sympathy for the men who would be obliged to ride in the snowmobiles hour after hour and day after day. But the men themselves seem to have got their "snow" legs, so to speak, after a while, and some were even seen reading as they bounced along.

Whenever the expedition arrived at a post, the inhabitants—white and Eskimo—crowded around to examine the steel monsters which might be heralding a new era of transportation in the North, and various opinions were voiced as to their practicability for commercial use. In comparing them with the time-tested dog-teams and sleds, some pointed out that no huge loads of fish or meat would have to be hauled along to keep them running. Others countered by mentioning that huge loads of gasoline would simply replace the dog feed, and that, while fish and meat were both found in the Arctic, gas was not. Moreover, with freight at about $220 a ton, gas would come a little high. In other words, no commercial firm could afford to run machines up there like the Muskox "snow."

Lt.-Col. Baird, commanding the moving force, was in favour of getting rid of the gas engine altogether, and substituting a diesel motor, which is easier on fuel. The type indicated for such frigid regions would be an air-cooled diesel.

Certain it is that, if any kind of oversnow vehicle is adopted for Arctic travel by anyone except the military, it will have to be light, strong, easy to repair, easy on fuel, and moderately comfortable to ride in.

Another radical departure from established northern custom was seen in the forms of clothing and shelter being tried out by Muskox. On page six will be found photographs of the curious equipment worn by the soldiers and the nylon tents they slept in. Experienced Arctic men always wear the Eskimo caribou skin clothing in winter, but Muskox wanted to find out if artificial materials could be made just as warm and comfortable. Apparently it was decided they could not—at any rate, not yet. The men also discovered there was reason for the northerner's dislike of buttons and pockets in cold weather clothing.

Tents are by no means new to the Arctic in winter. Caribou skin tents have been used by the Eskimos for many years where those animals are plentiful (see *The Beaver*, March 1945, p. 39), and west of the 130th meridian snowhouses are seldom seen. White men have adopted the canvas or silk tent for winter as well as summer travel. L. A. Learmonth, the Company's inspector in the Western Arctic, who really knows about travel in that part of the world, hardly ever uses a snowhouse for his long dog-team trips. Trail igloos take some time to build, and a man provided with a tent, he points out, can spend most of that time in putting more miles behind him.

All in all, it may be said that many of the new theories on Arctic travel have been tried in the balance by the men of Muskox; and while some have been proved, others have been found wanting. Northerners may say that they could have told the Army all about that in the first place. But only by trial and error can advances be made, in the Arctic no less than in any other field of endeavour.

Below: Two members of the moving force in one of the expedition's nylon-lined tents, heated by a gasoline stove. One is undoing his pack; the other is in his eiderdown sleeping bag.

Above: Some of the trick facial equipment which was tried out by the men of Muskox. L. to R. (1) Plexiglas goggles, which can be fitted with coloured lenses. (2) Canvas mask. (3) Chamois mask for patrol work, with slits for the eyes. (4) Anti-dust goggles with nose-breather to filter cold air; these can be fitted with either polaroid, orange-coloured, filter, or clear lenses.

The expedition leaves the Churchill camp February 15, on its 3,200-mile journey to Edmonton via the Arctic archipelago. Brig. R. O. G. Morton, D.O.C. M.D. 10, takes the salute from Lt.-Col. Pat Baird, commander of the moving force, seen standing in the leading "snow." R.C.A.F.

Above: One of the big Dakota transports is warmed up at the Churchill base. Above, left: Two 45-gallon drums of gas are dropped by parachute to the moving force as they forge northward. Left: Some of the snowmobiles at Eskimo Point, the expedition's first stop out of Churchill. (Chesley Russell, photo.) Below: At Coppermine, supplies and a motor for one of the "snows" are unloaded from an American Hadrian glider towed from the base at Norman Wells. The glider was snatched up by the towing Dakota half-an-hour later.

Rescuing one of the snowmobiles after it had partly fallen through a crack in the ice of Great Bear Lake, near Port Radium.

Back below the tree line, the long column of snows hits tough going through a burn.

When they arrived on the east bank of the Mackenzie opposite Fort Simpson, the Muskoxers stripped to the waist and basked gratefully in the warm spring sun.

Having crossed the wide Mackenzie the expedition rolls out of Fort Simpson, heading south through slush and mud for Fort Nelson. Wintering on the bank is the Company's tug "Hearne Lake" with a barge.

In the warm May sunshine of Lat. 55°, with the rigours of Arctic winter travel far behind, the bearded leader of the moving force is welcomed by Col. J. T. Wilson, director of the Army's operational research, near Grande Prairie. Between them is Col. N. B. Edwards, senior U.S. observer with the expedition. From Grande Prairie, men and machines travelled by train to Edmonton.

Having left Churchill a day late, the moving force arrives in Edmonton a day late—on May 6. Here the snows parade along 101st street across Jasper Avenue, in a triumphal climax to their 3,200-mile odyssey.

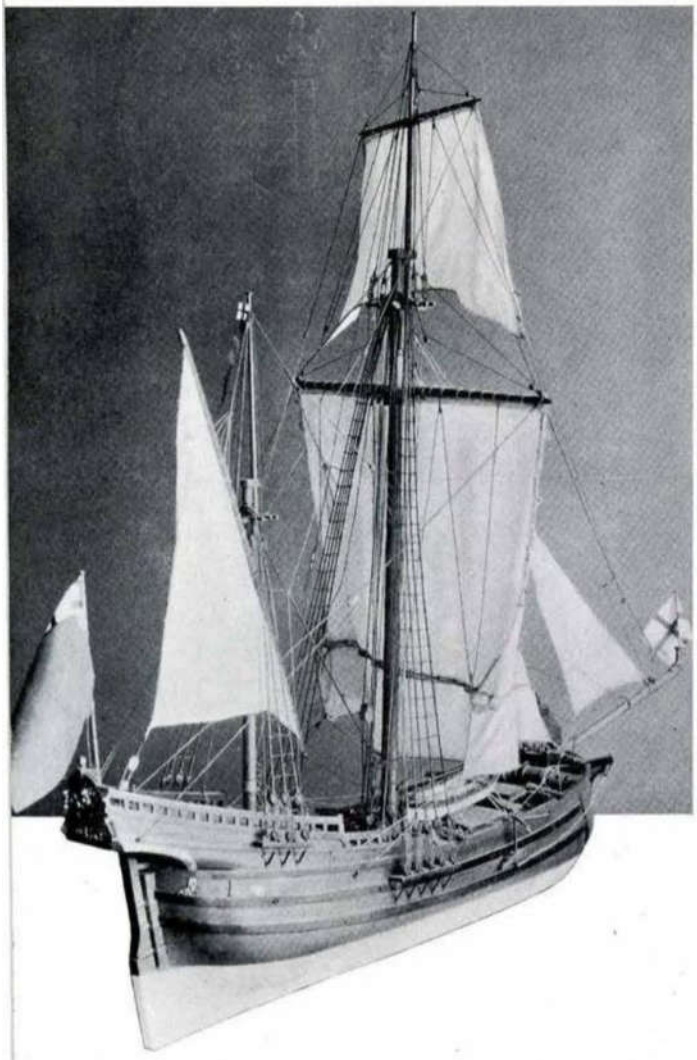
Early Ships in Hudson's Bay

by Alice M. Johnson

ALTHOUGH Groseilliers and Radisson arrived in England in 1665 with their scheme to go trading into Hudson's Bay, it was not until three years later that the first expedition was able to sail there. Preparations were apparently made in 1666, and again in 1667, when the ketch *Discovery* was bought—and again sold—by the Company. But then war with Holland made the seas unsafe for any such trading venture until after the Peace of Breda was signed on July 13, 1667. By that time, the season was too far advanced, and so the expedition had to be deferred for another year.

On February 7, 1668, King Charles II informed his brother, the Duke of York (who became Governor of the Company fourteen years later) that Prince Rupert and his associates had "humbly besought Us to Lend them one of Our small Vessells for the first expedicon onely" to search for a passage "into the South Sea,"

Model of the Nonsuch in the Company's museum. Made by E. W. Twining, Northampton.



and gave orders for the *Eaglet* to be lent to them for rigging and victualling at their own charge.

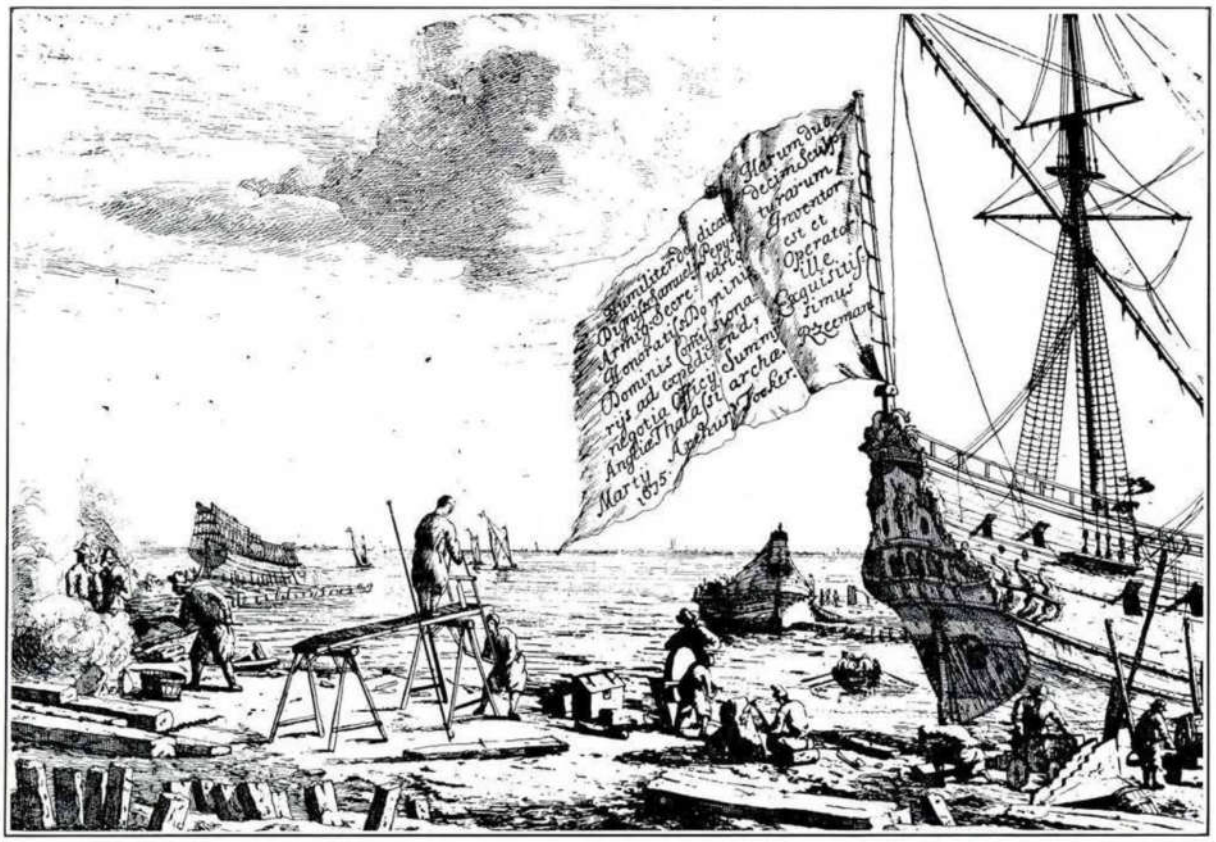
The *Eaglet* was a vessel of fifty-four tons, built by a Mr. Higgins in 1655 at Horselydown in the Southwark area of the Thames. Her length by keel was 40 feet; breadth by beam, 16 feet; and depth in hold, 7 feet. As a seventeenth century ketch she would have been two-masted, that is, having a square rigged mainmast almost amidships, with two or three square sails, and a mizzen with a lateen sail, with perhaps a square topsail above it. Forward there would have been two staysails, a foresail and a jib. The *Eaglet* carried eight guns, and in time of peace her force was twelve men, this number being increased to thirty-five abroad and forty at home in time of war.

William Stannard was master, and under his command the *Eaglet* sailed from Gravesend in Company with the *Nonsuch* (Captain Zachariah Gillam) on June 3, 1668. A full list of the *Eaglet's* crew has not been found, but it is known that Thomas Gorst sailed as supercargo and Pierre Esprit Radisson as passenger.

It was planned that after the vessels had reached Hudson Bay and obtained the first returns of trade, the captains should exchange commands. Stannard was to bring home the *Nonsuch*, with Groseilliers as passenger, and Gillam in the *Eaglet*, with Radisson, was to winter in Hudson Bay. But from the first these plans went wrong. The vessels sailed northwards from the Thames, and Radisson tells us that when they were about four hundred leagues off the Irish coast they met with "Contrary Windes, and a Violent Tempest." The *Nonsuch* struggled on, but the *Eaglet*, "by reason of the deepness of her Wast," was "unable to endure the Violent Stormes," and returned to England in a crippled condition. She put into Plymouth to refit on August 5, 1668, and on October 8 following, the adventurers applied for an order to return her "into the hands of the Master of Attendance at Deptford." Her damage was apparently quite considerable for the bill of repairs amounted to £113. This amount was presumably paid by the Royal Navy. We lose sight of the *Eaglet* in May, 1674, when she was sold by the Navy Commissioners.

The *Nonsuch*, which set out from Gravesend for Hudson Bay in company with the *Eaglet* on June 3, 1668, was also a ketch. According to one authority[1] she was five years older than her consort and, like her, was originally built for the Commonwealth Navy. Her builder was a Mr. Page of Wivenhoe, in Essex. She was a smaller vessel than the *Eaglet*, her length by keel being 36 feet; her breadth by beam, 15 feet; and her depth in hold, 7 feet. Her burden was forty-three tons, and in time of peace she carried twelve men and six guns, but in time of war her force was twenty-four men and six guns abroad, and thirty-five men and eight guns at home. Another authority[2] states

[1] J. R. Tanner, *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Naval Manuscripts in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge* (London, The Navy Records Society, 1903), I, 290-1.



Building ships about 1650. By Renier or Remigius Nooms, commonly called Zeeman. The legend on the flag states that it is dedicated to Samuel Pepys, secretary to the Admiralty, by the publisher Arthur Tooker.
By courtesy of the Director, Science Museum, South Kensington, London.

that her length by keel was 37 feet; her breadth by beam 15½ feet and her tonnage forty-seven. The same authority states that she was captured by Ostenders in 1658 and retaken in the following year. Both authorities agree that she was sold in 1667. Apparently the buyer was Sir William Warren, a merchant who dealt in masts, deals, and "Norway Stores," for it was he who in turn sold her to the adventurers on March 30, 1668, for £290.

Zachariah Gillam of New England was appointed to command the *Nonsuch*. How or when he got into touch with the adventurers is not known, but it is worth remembering that his brother, Benjamin, commanded the *Charles*, the vessel in which Groseilliers and Radisson crossed the Atlantic in 1665. The wages book of the period has not survived, so we can only say with certainty that Thomas Shepard was first mate of the *Nonsuch*, James Tatnum second mate and Pierre Romieux, a native of Trois Rivières, Quebec, surgeon. Des Groseilliers was a passenger.

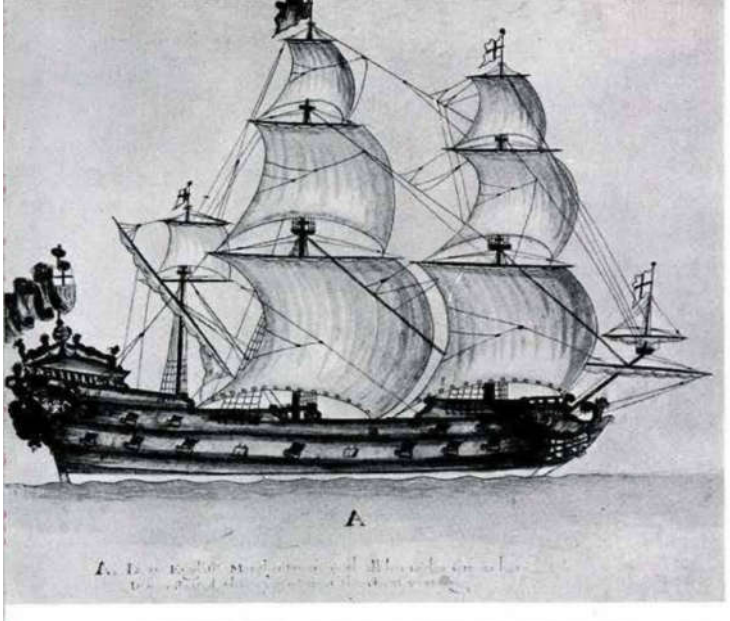
An abridged version of Gillam's log, entitled "A Breviate of Captain Zachariah Gillam's Journal to the North-West, in the Nonsuch-Catch, in the Year 1668," was published in London about 1675 in *The English Pilot. The Fourth Book. The First Part* by John Seller, and from this account we learn that the *Nonsuch* sighted the Orkneys on June 14, Resolution Island on August 5, and Digges Island eleven days later. On September 29, she arrived at the mouth of the river emptying into James Bay which Gillam and his associates named Rupert River, and there a house, called Charles Fort, was built to shelter in during the winter of 1668-69. A letter from R. Watts of Deal to the Secretary of State, dated October 11, 1669, records her return to England: "Last Satterday night [October 9] came in the *Nonsuch* Ketch from the Northwest passage . . . Those that carryed out no venture brought home 10 li or 12 li worth of beaver." On June 10, 1670, the adventurers sold her to a Captain Chappell for £152. 10*s*. 0*d*.

After the *Eaglet* had been returned to the Navy in 1668, and whilst the *Nonsuch* was wintering in Hudson Bay, the adventurers began to make plans for outfitting a vessel to sail in the summer of 1669. They petitioned the King for the loan of the *Hadereen* (*Hadarine*), a fly-boat of 138 tons burden which had been captured from the Dutch in 1665; but as she was on active service in 1669, the *Wivenhoe* was offered in her stead and accepted.

This vessel was built in 1666 at Wivenhoe, Essex, by the Mr. Page who had built the *Nonsuch*, and was originally rigged as a ketch. Her measurements were: length by keel, 52 feet; breadth by beam, 19 feet 1 inch; and depth in hold, 8 feet 6 inches. She was of one hundred tons burden, and her force was twenty-five men and eight guns in time of peace, and thirty-five men abroad and forty-five at home, with eight guns, in time of war. In January, 1669, she was turned into a "pink," a term which properly describes peculiarities of her hull at the stern[3]. She would now have been three-masted; i.e., square sails on fore and main, and a lateen on the mizzen.

[2]*The Society for Nautical Research Occasional Publications No. 5*, R. C. Anderson, "English Ships, 1649-1702" (Cambridge, 1935), p. 15.

[3]Dr. Johnson's dictionary (1785) describes it as "a kind of heavy narrow-sterned ship."



"An English merchantman with all sayles sett . . . three pointes of the sheet veareing." From a sketch by a naval captain named Bolland, about 1675.
By courtesy of the Director, Science Museum, South Kensington, London.

Stannard was again given a command in the service of the adventurers and Radisson was his passenger for a second time. But again they were unlucky. The *Wivenhoe* was back in London by the early days of 1670 and the little evidence that is available suggests that she did not reach her destination rather than that she made the voyage in one season. Captain Stannard's account was closed on April 19, 1670, and no more heard of him.

On May 2, 1670, the adventurers obtained their charter, and yet another expedition was in course of preparation. The *Wivenhoe* was again lent by the King and the command given to Robert Newland. He was probably the Robert Newland who received his commission as captain in the Royal Navy in 1667, but of that we have no proof. The mate on this voyage was James Titherley, and other members of the crew known by name were: Samuel Cole, Paul Mercer and Thomas Davis. The outward bound passengers were: Charles Bayly, who had just been appointed the Company's first governor overseas, James Tatnum and Radisson.

Accompanied by the *Prince Rupert*, the *Wivenhoe* sailed from Ratcliffe in the Thames on May 31, 1670. The two vessels passed Land's End and the Scilly Islands on June 13, and on August 7 entered Hudson Strait. The *Wivenhoe* parted from the *Prince Rupert* on August 18 and set course for Port Nelson. On the next day she began to meet with trouble. First, on August 19, she was nearly lost on some rocks about a league to the east of Mansel Island, and then, on reaching Port Nelson, "by reason of foggs & contrary winds could not find the right channell to get in." She attempted to get in on September 14, but only succeeded in running aground, "However," added Thomas Gorst, who was on the *Prince Rupert* and who has left an account of this voyage, "the Vessell came off with the losse of some Anchors & Cables." But the men became "tired & disheartened with fruitless labour," so, after consultation, it "was resolved on as most fit, to saile to Ruperts River where they arrived & Anchored the 17th October." But before that date they had met with yet more reverses. The mate, Titherley, and another member of the crew died, apparently from scurvy, and on October 14 Captain Newland also succumbed. Four days later he was buried "like a Soldier" at Charles Fort.

The *Wivenhoe* spent the winter of 1670-71 docked half a mile below the *Prince Rupert*. On June 28, 1671, the *Wivenhoe* broke ground, and on the 24th of the following month, under command of Governor Bayly and with Samuel Cole as chief mate, sailed from Point Comfort on the homeward voyage in company with the *Prince Rupert*. The two vessels lost sight of each other after passing Cape Charles and did not meet again during the voyage. The *Wivenhoe* arrived at Plymouth on October 2, 1671.

The adventurers kept her until the spring of 1672, when she was returned to the Navy and the *Messenger* dogger[4] borrowed in her stead. The *Wivenhoe* was turned into a fireship in 1673 and did duty in the Medway and at Portsmouth for many years before being sold as useless in December, 1683.

The companion vessel of the *Wivenhoe* on the voyage of 1670-71 was the *Prince Rupert*. The records mention her both as a frigate and a ship, so presumably she was a full-rigged three-master. Of 75½ tons burden, she was the first of a long line of ships built especially for the adventurers. The cost was at the rate of five guineas per ton, and her builder, John Graves, considered by Pepys to be a good builder though "illiterate, of little presence, very old," had his yard on the Thames, where so many of the Company's ships have been launched. Gillam was given command, and a Mr. Shattocke was his mate. The passengers were Groseilliers and Thomas Gorst.

On September 8 the *Prince Rupert* anchored before Charles Fort. On the two following days the cargo was unloaded and the ship unrigged; then all hands set "to worke to make a Dock for the ship." By September 19 this was finished and the ship brought in "wth. a high Tide," there to spend the winter of 1670-71. The *London Gazette* announced the arrival of the *Prince Rupert* at Deal on October 5, adding that she had "come thence very rich."

The *Prince Rupert* was accompanied on her second voyage in 1672 by the *Messenger* dogger and the *Imploy* barque. Details of the voyage are lacking, but it is known that she was back at Portsmouth by October 9, 1673, with 5,408 lbs. of coat beaver (*castor gras*) and 1,529 lbs. of parchment beaver (*castor sec*)[5]. To avoid the possibility of this valuable cargo falling into the hands of the Dutch, who were then at war with England, Gillam was instructed to wait for a convoy to the Thames. Either no convoy was ready to sail or the matter was reconsidered, for in the end, the cargo was sent to London by "land Carriage," the *Prince Rupert* returning to the Thames later. Her total cargo of 7,044 lbs. skins was sold for £2,641. 10*s.* in January, 1674.

The *Prince Rupert* was again commanded by Gillam in 1674, and on this voyage was again accompanied by the *Messenger*, now renamed *Shaftesbury*. Apparently it had been determined that one at least of the vessels should return to England in the same season, but as they were late in arriving they both were obliged to winter in Hudson Bay. The *Prince Rupert* arrived in the Downs on September 25, 1675,

[4] "A small ship with one mast"—Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*.
[5] Coat beaver was that prepared by the Indians for wearing. It had had the long guard hairs removed. Parchment beaver meant the raw skin with the guard hairs still on.

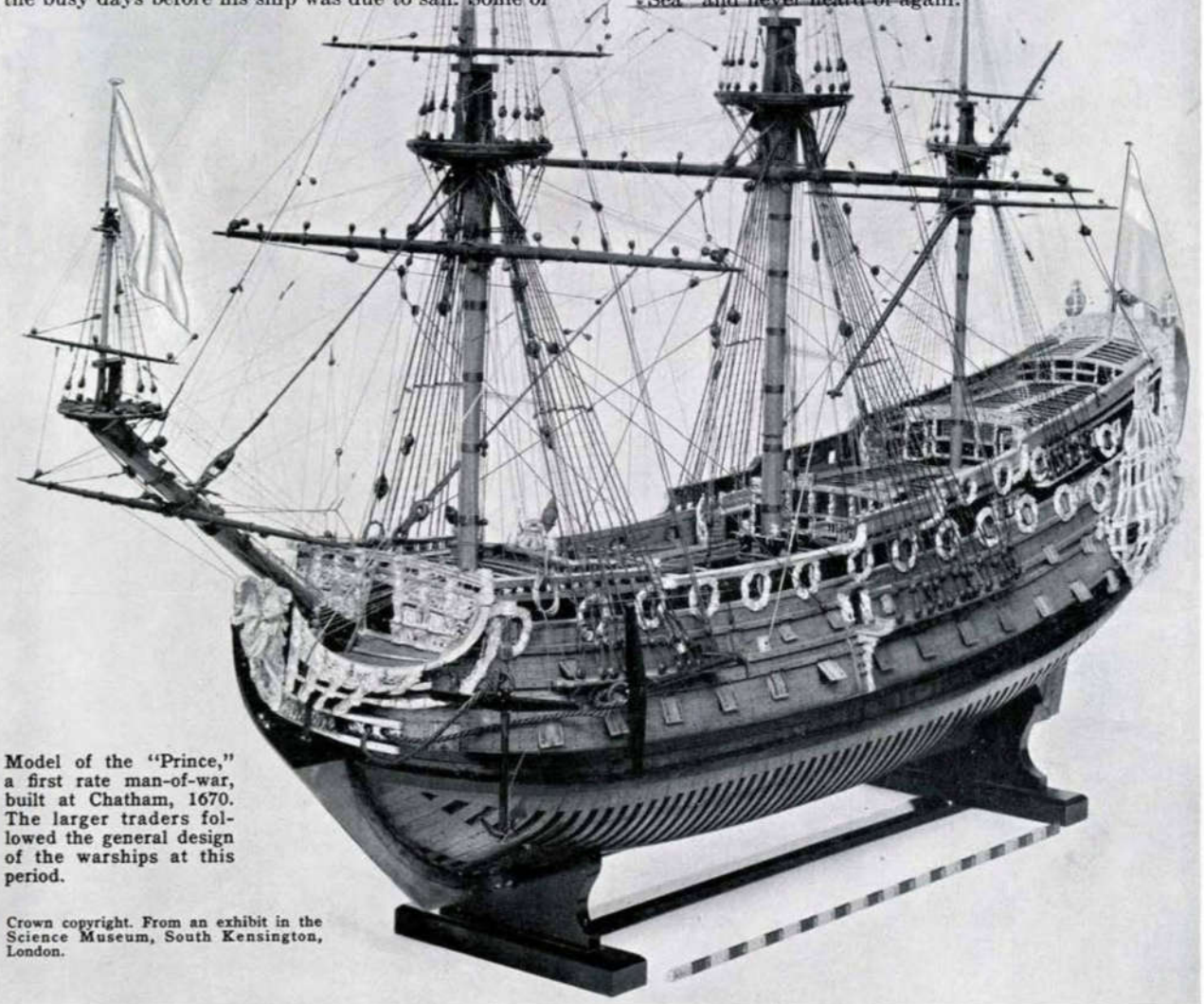
having kept company with the *Shaftesbury* as far as Land's End, where they were separated by a storm. Two important passengers came home on the *Prince Rupert* in 1675: the French Jesuit, Father Albanel, and the Indian, Prince Attash.

Next year the *Prince Rupert* sailed on the voyage on which an attempt was made to find the elusive Busse Island (see *The Beaver*, Dec. 1942). Then in 1678, with a crew of at least thirteen, together with sixteen passengers, she sailed for the Bay once more, and there she stayed for three years. She was apparently only brought home in 1681 to replace the *Prudent Mary*, which had been sent out from England and lost in the Bay the previous year.

Her last voyage to Hudson Bay was made in 1682. One definite object for the expedition was the establishment of Port Nelson. Of the five ships sent out that year, the *Prince Rupert*, commanded by Gillam, who had just re-entered the Company's service, and the *Albemarle*, commanded by his kinsman, Ezbon Sandford, were detailed for that purpose. The *Albemarle* was to stay at Port Nelson during the winter, but as soon as the buildings had taken shape the *Prince Rupert* was to sail south to winter at Charlton Island.

Gillam apparently behaved in a strange manner in the busy days before his ship was due to sail. Some of the Committee Members arrived at Gravesend in the last days of May to find the cargo in confusion and Gillam frequently absent from his ship. He was sharply reprimanded and given two days in which to put things right, or else—, a threat which proved effective. By the time he arrived off Port Nelson in the middle of September, two rival interloping parties had already settled there.

The first was commanded by his own son, Benjamin, in the *Bachelor's Delight* from Boston, Massachusetts, and had settled a little way up Nelson River. The second interloping party, led by Radisson and Groseilliers, who were now in the service of the French, were on Hayes River and only separated from the New England party by a narrow spit of land. The English party settled on the north bank of the Nelson, just below young Gillam, who managed to meet his father without his identity being disclosed to the other members of the English party. How far the elder Gillam was concerned in these interloping expeditions is not known, but the Committee in London had reason to suspect that he was in league with both is own son and the Frenchmen. Gillam, however, did not live to answer the Committee, for on October 21, 1682, he and several other members of his crew met their end when the *Prince Rupert* was "Driven from her Anchor to Sea" and never heard of again.



Model of the "Prince," a first rate man-of-war, built at Chatham, 1670. The larger traders followed the general design of the warships at this period.

Crown copyright. From an exhibit in the Science Museum, South Kensington, London.

by Effie Butler

Fishing in Lake Winnipeg

A cluster of fishing boats is towed by a freight tug to the whitefish grounds in the northern parts of Lake Winnipeg.
Manitoba Travel Bureau

LAKE Winnipeg, from the point where it swallows the Red River to the northern tip where it spills its contents into Playgreen Lake and the mighty Nelson, is a rich fishing field—a field of rolling water that measures approximately two hundred and seventy-five miles long and widens to over sixty miles at some points. Of the twenty-seven million pounds of fish, such as whitefish, pickerel, saugers, tullibee and goldeyes, taken from Manitoba's lakes and streams last year, more than thirteen million pounds were harvested from Lake Winnipeg alone. Over two thousand summer commercial fishermen set their nets in the productive waters of this the largest lake in Manitoba's freshwater fishery.

If all the people catching fish commercially in Lake Winnipeg were grouped together, in number they would make up one of Manitoba's larger towns reaching to almost city proportions. If the dependents of these people were also taken into account and reckoned on the usual basis of five to one, the population obtaining a livelihood from the fisheries would rate well up in the list of cities. And, of course, the fishing industry gives work indirectly to many people other than those who are actually employed in it.

Fishing is an industry of long hours. When the seasons open, fishermen are little interested in an eight-hour day or forty-hour week program. Often they work all day and far into the evening, setting and lifting their nets, dressing, packing and preparing their catch for market, and repairing gear. Because the vagaries of the weather play an important role in their daily life, fishermen become weather-wise, and it is their belief that the wind blows with greater force after 10 o'clock in the morning. Consequently, to rise as early as 2.30 a.m., breakfast soon after, and be on the way at the first flush of dawn to lift their nets in the calm of the morning is common practice. At no time is the setting and lifting of nets an easy task, but it is much less so when the boat is being tossed and buffeted from one wave to another in a blow.

Since a boat, large or small, is a very necessary part of the equipment used by the open-water commercial fishermen, they must become expert boatmen as well as sailors if they are to be a success. This vocation calls for strong men of rugged constitutions. No matter how high the waves or how hard the wind blows, except it be of hurricane proportions, fishermen leave the shelter of harbour to bring in their catch, for once the nets are set they must be lifted or the fish will spoil. Besides cold winds and boisterous waves, for the the lake is not always in an affectionate mood, there is one other condition that fishermen must contend with, and that is a continual state of wetness. Nets are dripping when they are hauled in over the side of the boat. The fish are glistening with wetness when they are taken from the nets. Add to this spray and lashing rains, and you will have the reason why the fishermen's working clothes must include rubber boots and waterproof trousers and jacket.

In spite of the attendant hardships, when fishermen work long over nets and gear, something of the fishing-spell gets into their blood and they return, year after year, to try their luck in the winter, as well as the fall and summer seasons. But, fishing, in general, has a monetary reward to offset these arduous and disagreeable conditions. If fishermen's luck has been with them,

the men who set their nets for the far-famed whitefish in the northern reaches of the lake have found their earnings to be as high as $2,000 for a six- to eight-weeks run.

The first fishing vessels used on Lake Winnipeg depended upon sails for propulsion. In those days harbours, such as Warren's Landing—the port where the S.S. *Keenora* deposits hundreds of tons of package freight for the Hudson's Bay Company store at historic Norway House and other northern posts—were picturesque sights when the sail fishing fleet was in. Today, the sailing craft have given place to mastless power driven boats that are highly efficient and will allow the owners to navigate all but the roughest seas. Many of the one hundred and fifty power boats in the whitefish fishing fleet were constructed in Gimli and Selkirk boat-building shops. In size they range from forty to forty-five feet over all, with clean cut lines, very flaring bows, and water-tight decks. When they go out to prepare for the first day of the season with the fresh white paint glistening on their sides and a soft battleship grey inside, sometimes ten or more in tow of one of the large freight tugs, they look like so many ducklings swimming after their mother.

Open water fishing on Lake Winnipeg is divided into two operations. First comes the whitefish season, which begins early in June and continues until the first week in August. Later, the "fall" fishing season for pickerel and saugers carries on from early September until late in October. Skiffs, equipped with outboard motors, are used mainly in this operation, though a few of the whitefish boats do take part. In an average year, 1,400 of these skiffs go out and gather in five to six million pounds of pickerel and saugers.

The gill-net is the only one permitted for the large commercial fishing operations in Manitoba. These are made of strong cotton or linen twine, and when set in the lake they are nothing more than net fences, 160 yards in length, joined together and set vertically in the water. A series of lead weights fastened at intervals on the bottom line sinks the nets to the lake bottom, while cedar wood corks attached to the top line keeps them floating high. The diamond shaped meshes of the netting, five and one-quarter inches for whitefish,

Dried nets are "boxed" ready for setting. On the right is a standard net box. **E. Butler**

smaller for other species, are large enough to allow curious fish, which are prone to investigate, to poke their heads through. And having done so, they attempt to back out as soon as they feel the constriction of the net; but their gills, which are constantly opening and closing if they are to live, get caught in the mesh and there they must stay until the net is lifted. That is how this type of snare gets its name of "gill-net."

Every fisherman provides himself with a pair, or more, of buoys to which he attaches a distinguishing flag. When he is about to set his nets he fastens the top and bottom lines of the net to the anchor line of the buoy. The actual setting is done by casting the first buoy over the stern of the boat and paying out the net until it is ready to have the second buoy attached in the same manner. It is then cast adrift to mark the set. A few nets may be set in one spot, a few in another, or, in the parlance of the fisherman, a "gang" of nets may be joined end to end. Whitefish fishermen on Lake Winnipeg are permitted to use 5,000 yards of gill-net. The setting, lifting, and resetting of this amount is a full time job entailing hours of strenuous work, for nets must be lifted every day.

Lifting the nets is a simple performance. When a boat approaches the buoy flying its flag, one of the crew will reach for the buoy staff and hurriedly pull

Fishing fleet at Warren's Landing, near Norway House, in 1920. **H. D. H. Scott**

it aboard. The boat is brought to a stop and the buoy-line and anchor-stone are hauled in. This brings in the end of the net. Now the crew work together hauling in the net and clearing the fish from it. One man neatly coils the net into the net-box. Careful coiling is essential in order that the net will "set" again without delays caused by tangles.

When all the nets have been lifted and reset, the fishermen return to the fishing station with the catch. Upon arrival the fish are unloaded, then "dressed" (entrails and gills removed) before they pass into the hands of the packer, who, as a general rule, is the fish buyer. This routine goes on five days a week, but on Saturday all nets are lifted and brought ashore, where they are hung on reels to dry until they are taken out for resetting on Monday morning. One of the larger fish packing establishments on Lake Winnipeg is situated on Big George Island. Like each of the seventeen other stations, it is a beehive of industry during the brief summer season, but for the remainder of the year it is a deserted ghost town, except in midwinter when a crew is at work filling the spacious ice-houses.

At the packing station the fish are weighed out in fifty-pound lots allowing three pounds for shrinkage. They are then packed in wooden boxes which have been lined with waxed paper, packed layer for layer with chipped ice, and covered with waxed paper before the lids are nailed in place. Lining the boxes prevents the ice from melting so rapidly, keeps the fish cooler and in better condition until it reaches the wholesale merchants and later the consumer.

Every day—yes, every hour—counts, that elapses between the time the fish is taken out of the water and when it is brought to the table. Diesel powered freight tugs, much faster, cheaper to operate, and consequently more efficient than the large steam freighters once so common on Lake Winnipeg—the S.S. *Grand Rapids*, the *Wolverine*, and the *Lady of the Lake*—transport the boxed fish from the packing stations to the wholesale markets in Winnipeg. At this point it is speedily loaded into cars and whisked down to the large American markets on the fastest express trains.

Approximately ninety percent of the total catch from Lake Winnipeg, and other Manitoba waters, is exported to the United States. "Selkirk whitefish," baked whole and temptingly juicy, appear on New York dinner tables. Lake Winnipeg pickerel fillets, saugers, pike and tullibees sizzle to a delicious brown in many an American skillet. But of all the varieties, the "Winnipeg goldeye" is probably the most famous fish produced in this rich fishing field. Travellers have found out about its delightful flavour when served on railway dining cars and its deliciousness is known all over the United States and Canada. Owing to a limited catch of this species, there is frequently a greater demand than supply and at times smoked goldeyes are difficult to obtain.

The earliest commercial fishing on Lake Winnipeg dates back to the 1880's and was done in the winter when the product was naturally frozen. The present winter season opens on November 10, weather and ice permitting, and continues until the middle of March.

At Gimli harbour in the southern part of Lake Winnipeg, fishing boats prepare to leave for the whitefish grounds. Piled on the dock are the fish boxes and the net boxes. The buoys in the boats carry distinguishing flags. Manitoba Travel Bureau

Left: Small scale winter fishing. The frost-proof box on the dog toboggan is heated by a coal-oil lantern. Right: Heated caboose for conveying fish to the packing station. **E. Butler**

The fishermen who glean their harvest from beneath the frozen surface of the lake have their own particular brand of hardships to contend with, a more or less continuous fight against the rigours of our northern climate. Storms that would make the average individual hug shelter do not daunt the winter fishermen. Dawn on the first day of the season finds them hurrying by dog sled, truck, or horse-drawn caboose, to their chosen fishing grounds. Fishermen observe "first" rights and rarely intrude on another man's territory.

As in summer fishing, setting the net is the primary step, but this time it must go beneath that canopy of blue ice a foot or more in depth. The sound of the ice chisel rings out. A hole two feet square is chopped in the ice with expert vertical strokes. The ice chips are hastily scooped out so that when the water gushes up the hole is clear. A stake is set in a hole chopped to one side of the opening. It soon freezes solidly in place and will be ready to hold the anchor-line.

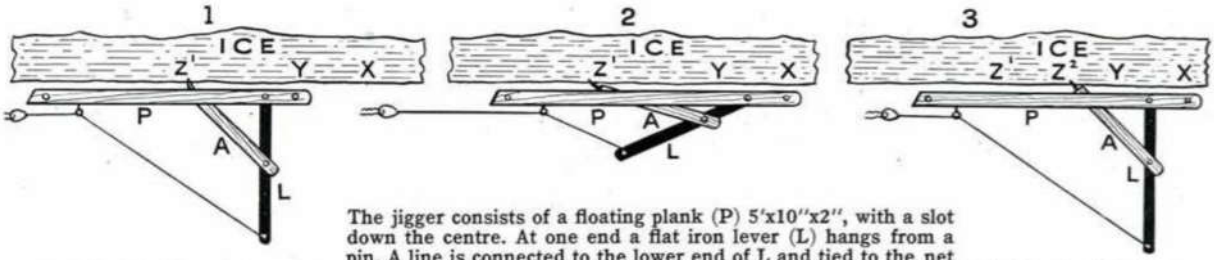
Now the fisherman thrusts his "jigger" through the hole in the ice in the direction he wishes his net to run. The jigger is a contrivance invented many years ago by, it is said, a thoughtful genius on Lake Winnipeg, and is used to this day for "running the line." The jigger is a wooden plank with a slot in the middle through which a wooden arm, controlled by a metal lever, moves. When a line attached to the lever is pulled by the operator, the jigger is propelled forward by a sharp spike on the end of the wooden arm grasping the ice. By continued pulling of the line, then relaxing after each pull, the jigger shoots forward, yard by yard, carrying the line with it, until it is a full net-length away from the hole.

Some fishermen become very adept at determining where the jigger comes to rest beneath the ice by listening to the noise it makes when it is in action. At this point a second hole is cut in the ice and the line pulled through. Now, with a line running beneath the ice, it is a simple matter to attach one end of it to a gill-net, and to pull the net beneath the ice by drawing the line out at the far hole. The net, fitted with corks and leads, and tied to the anchor-line, will remain "set" until the fisherman is ready to pull it out on the ice and clear the fish from it.

Once the net is out of the water the fish would stiffen and freeze solidly if left for any length of time, but fishermen have been producing what is known as "fresh" or unfrozen fish in most parts of the lake within reasonable distance from the rail head. As soon as the fish are taken from the net they are rushed to a heated caboose on a truck or horse-drawn sleigh and hurriedly conveyed to the packing stations. Here the fish are packed similarly to the fall and summer catch.

The Manitoba Department of Mines and Natural Resources maintains an inspection staff. Three patrol boats in summer, and as many snow-planes in winter, provide transportation for the officers who wear no uniforms, but carry badges and exercise authority. Their chief concern is the control of legal-size nets and to see that the licensee does not take more than his allotted share when the individual poundage is limited.

Fishermen's families sometimes accompany them to their winter camps, but more often they have to leave them behind and endure the loneliness of sub-Arctic isolation. Some have permanent camps. Others, whose nets are far from shore, erect crude little huts on the ice. One glimpse of these desolate dwellings, smothered beneath swirling banks of snow, suffices to convince one that a fisherman's life is tinged with privations. But, should you knock at the door of one of these isolated camps, you will be met with a smile. No people I have known laugh more merrily, or meet their misfortunes more philosophically, than the hardy fishermen who draw their livelihood from the waters of Lake Winnipeg. Indeed, if many of the tales of their strenuous, and oft-times dangerous, life were skilfully told, they would be as thrilling as Kipling's famous story of salt water fishermen, "Captains Courageous."



The jigger consists of a floating plank (P) 5'x10"x2", with a slot down the centre. At one end a flat iron lever (L) hangs from a pin. A line is connected to the lower end of L and tied to the net running line. From part way up L swings a floating wooden arm (A), which passes through the slot in P and sticks into the ice by means of a spike at Z^1 (Fig. 1). When the line is pulled, P moves forward the distance between Y and X (Fig. 2). The line is then released, L resumes the vertical, pulling the net line with it, and the spike moves on from Z^1 to take a fresh grip at Z^2 (Fig. 3).

Paul Kane's picture of the battle between the Clallams and the Macaws near Port Angeles. In inter-tribal wars, both sides sought the alliance of the Hudson's Bay Company. B.C. Archives.

McLoughlin and the Indians

by Dorothy O. Johansen

This account of Dr. John McLoughlin's Indian policy is based upon the McLoughlin letter book, consisting of 282 unpublished letters in the possession of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, and upon the Hudson's Bay Record Society's "McLoughlin's Fort Vancouver Letters, 1825-38."

ENCOMIUMS of Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Columbia District from 1824 to 1845, have characterized his dealings with the Indians as just and benevolent, and have cited as proof of their contention the fact that the Oregon country was relatively free from Indian disturbances until after his retirement. Such statements are uncritical and over-simplified, and may be profitably examined from time to time in the light of concrete evidence and a larger view of the problem.

It is indisputably true that McLoughlin's attitude toward the Indian was based upon the precepts of a certain code of justice, and that after his retirement the Oregon country was harassed by a series of Indian wars. The only relationship to be discovered in these two statements is in the Indian as a factor common to both.

To the Hudson's Bay Company, the Indian was an element of production. He brought the furs to the posts, or to the traders on expedition, and he became a consumer of the Company's goods through the trade of these furs. On the negative side, however, he was a threat to the peaceful ends of commerce, and a trouble maker. But there is little evidence that any responsible member of the organization shared the sentiment common to the American frontiersman that the "only good Indian is a dead one." The native had a place in the economy of the fur trade as it evolved under the Canadian and British companies; he had none in the life of the American who was, himself, in transition from the fur trade to the agrarian economy.

In his relations with the Indian, Dr. John McLoughlin made use of the only concept of justice the native could understand: the primitive law of revenge, of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." To the Indian, legal procedures were incomprehensible. Abstractions were beyond him; his vocabulary, like his daily life, was one of material ends, and McLoughlin's attitude was based upon an understanding of this fact.

On the other hand, the American settler started out with the assumption that he could, by Christian education and procedures of civil law, effect a transformation of Indian nature within a few years. Faith in education quickly broke down, and the exercise of law was fitful and disorganized. The Indian under the Hudson's Bay Company had known just what to expect, and to expect it soon; under the Americans, he was like a step-child in an undisciplined family group. As a consequence he was, to use the jargon of modern education, a problem child, a rebel, and an enemy of society.

In short, the Hudson's Bay Company, by the very nature of its organization and ends, could accept the Indian and deal with him successfully on the basis of his own code of justice. But it does not follow that this was easily accomplished. Dr. McLoughlin had his

troubles with the Indians of the Oregon country, and a review of these troubles may illustrate the method of his administration of justice.

To facilitate trade with the natives, it was McLoughlin's duty to keep peace among the tribes and to protect the employees of the Company from their depredations. To accomplish this he insisted that the prestige of the Company be continually represented in the person of its servants: that they were to conduct themselves honourably, justly, firmly, and with dignity among the Indians. Similarly, the Indians were expected to confine themselves to friendly services, and an offense against an employee was an offense against the Company, to be followed by swift, just punishment. Friendship and service were rewarded; but enmity and trouble brought the anger of the sternest of King George's men.

In 1828 the Indians were numerically superior to the white men, and they were engaged in confused inter-tribal wars in which both sides sought the alliance of the Hudson's Bay Company. It required shrewd diplomatic talent on McLoughlin's part to remain neutral and yet friendly to all participants. In one instance, for example, a number of tribes sought to ingratiate themselves into his favour by offering to carry out the punitive measures directed against offenders of the Company's peace. McLoughlin preferred that the Company perform its own unpleasant task rather than risk further embroilment in native feuds. Furthermore, by acting alone, the Company's prestige was heightened, and the maintenance of peace depended upon its prestige.

We have only four instances of the Indians, in those parts of the Oregon country where the Company was dominant, challenging its peace by overt acts. The Clallams on Puget Sound, in 1828, murdered Alexander McKenzie and four *engages* and enslaved a native woman attached to the party. The same year, the Umpquas in southern Oregon, attacked the American trader Jedediah Smith and his party of nineteen, of which four only escaped with their lives. In 1829, the Clatsops injudiciously put their fingers to their noses, while under suspicion of a murderous act, and were chastised. Three years later, the Tillamooks ran amok and had to be punished. An examination of the punishments meted out in these instances will define McLoughlin's policy and illustrate its administration.

The expedition to punish the Clallams, the first of the offenders, was carried out as a small-scale war which included a simultaneous attack by land and sea upon the Indian villages at New Dungeness and Port Townsend. Aemilius Simpson, then lieutenant, was sent in the *Cadboro*, armed with light artillery. A land party composed of four clerks, an interpreter, and a motley of fifty-eight servants and freemen, under the leadership of Chief Trader McLeod, joined Simpson and attempted to negotiate with the natives. McLoughlin explained to the Governor and Committee that this large party was necessary not only on account of the warlike nature and the strength of the enemy, but also because the possible loss of even one member of the party would lower the Company in the estimation of the Indians, and would seriously affect the efficiency of the year's outfits. He believed their number provided safety.

McLeod was unsuccessful in his negotiations and resorted to force. No casualties were suffered in his ranks, but the Clallams lost possibly as many as twenty-three people. Both villages were destroyed and a number of canoes burned. Even members of the punitive party felt the punishment was more strenuous than the occasion warranted. McLeod's leadership, wanting in the matter of discipline among his followers, was over-zealous in execution against the Indians. McLoughlin reported Francis Ermatinger, one of the clerks, to have said, "The Indians are intimidated and [I] conceive we have done much, but for my part I do not wish to go on such expeditions again. We have disgraced ourselves." McLoughlin defended McLeod at the time by pointing out that such expeditions were always subject to criticism. To the Governor and Committee, McLoughlin justified the affair in these words:

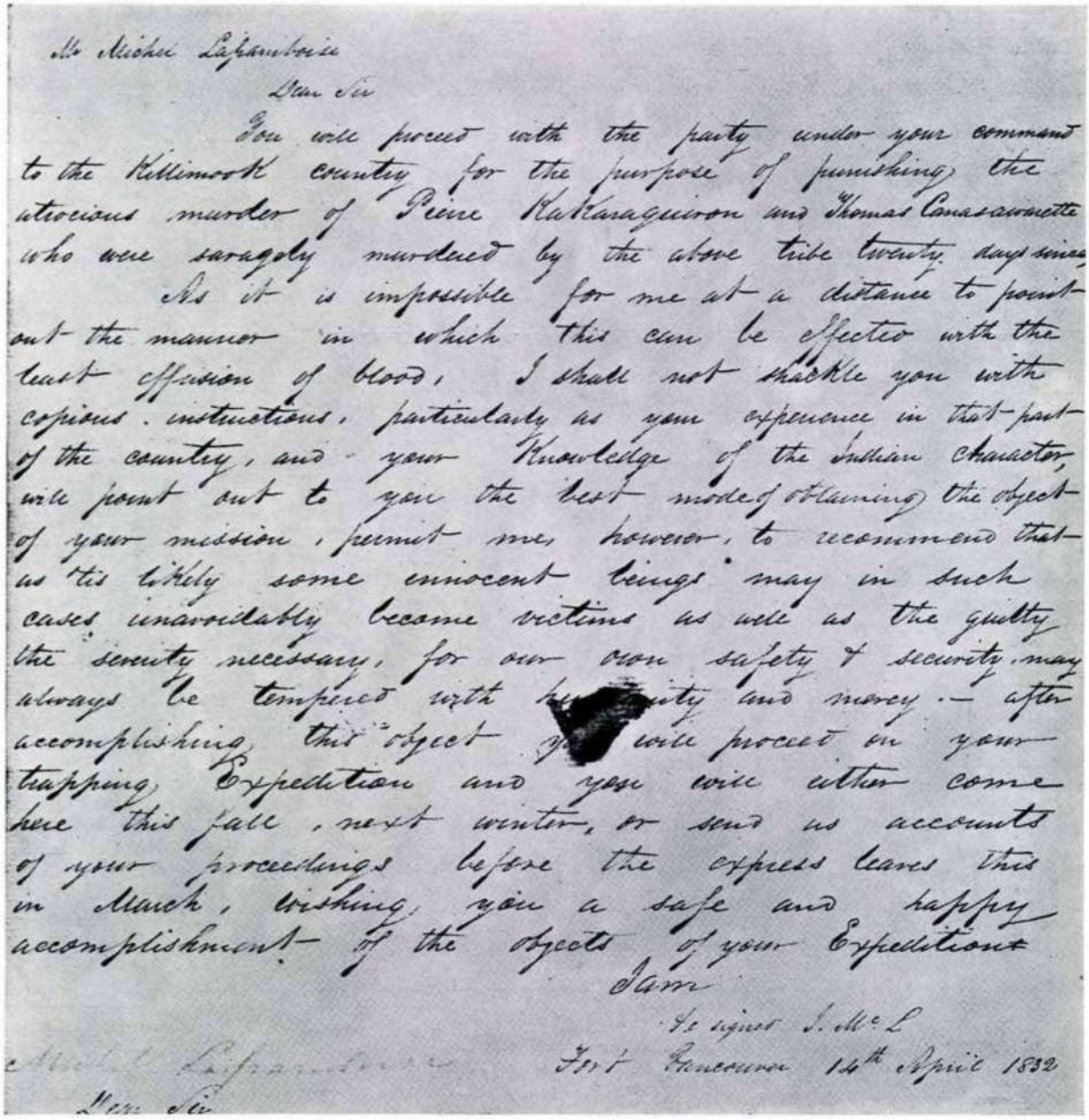
> It is certainly most unfortunate to be obliged to have recourse to hostile measures against our fellow beings but it is a duty we owed our murdered Countrymen & I may say we were forced by necessity, as had we passed over the atrocious conduct of their Murderers, others by seeing them unpunished would have imitated their example & whenever an opportunity offered have murdered any of us that fell in their way, & I beg to assure your Honors that before I decided on this measure I gave it every consideration its importance deserved but the more I reflected the more I was convinced of the necessity of our acting with energy. . . .

It is interesting to note that McLoughlin later had cause to reprimand McLeod for his conduct on the Bonaventura expedition, and, adding to this the recollection of the Clallam affair, gave McLeod good reason to ask to be removed from the Columbia District.

In the spring of 1829, while Governor Simpson was at Fort Vancouver, word was received that the *William and Ann* had been wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia River on March 19. It was reported that the captain and crew, or a part of it, had been murdered by the Clatsops. Doubting the authenticity of the report, since the bearer was at odds with the Clatsops and anxious to involve the Company in his quarrel with them, McLoughlin made further inquiries. Another report, from a reputedly reliable native, informed McLoughlin that the crew had not been murdered, but that the ship's goods had been stolen. McLoughlin thereupon sent a crew of forty-four men, five clerks, and Chief Trader William Connolly to investigate the matter and recover the goods.

Connolly had little more success in negotiating with the Clatsops than McLeod had had with the Clallams. While they assured him of their innocence of murder, the Clatsops nevertheless protested against his landing. Finally they grew impudent, and sent Connolly an old brush and scoop with the directions to "take this and tell your Chief this is all he will get of his property." When Connolly attempted to land, they fired upon him. The expedition returned the fire, killing one Indian. During the several days the Company was on the scene, two more Indians were killed. Upon discovering the ship's cargo hidden in the village, Connolly ordered the huts to be destroyed.

The significance of this incident lies in the fact that we can assume, on grounds to be explained immediately, that when the expedition set out there was a reasonable doubt whether the Indians had murdered the ship's crew. Connolly's approach was characteristic of an old and successful trader; he warned them that, if they were innocent, they had nothing to fear, and that he sought only to recover the Company's possessions. To the civilized man, the expedition resembled an inquest into the cause of death of the crew. Before the inquiry could get under way, however, the Indians had taken an offensive step.



Mr Michel Laframboise

Dear Sir

You will proceed with the party under your command to the Killimook country for the purpose of punishing the atrocious murder of Peire Kakanaguioon and Thomas Canasawacette who were savagely murdered by the above tribe twenty days since. As it is impossible for me at a distance to point out the manner in which this can be effected with the least effusion of blood, I shall not shackle you with copious instructions, particularly as your experience in that part of the country, and your knowledge of the Indian character, will point out to you the best mode of obtaining the object of your mission, permit me, however, to recommend that as 'tis likely some innocent beings may in such cases unavoidably became victims as well as the guilty the severity necessary for our own safety & security may always be tempered with humanity and mercy. — after accomplishing this object you will proceed on your trapping Expedition and you will either come here this fall, next winter, or send us accounts of your proceedings before the express leaves this in March, wishing you a safe and happy accomplishment of the objects of your Expedition

I am

Sir your obt. Servt.

J. McL

Fort Vancouver 14th April 1832

Dear Sir

In this letter, Dr. McLoughlin instructs Michel Laframboise to punish the Tillamooks for their murder of two Company servants. From the McLoughlin Letter Book, now owned by Reed College, Portland.

That this expedition was not hastily conceived and ruthlessly determined is proved by the fact that there are two letters extant in which McLoughlin described the affair. In the first, he laboured under the assumption that the Clatsops were guilty of murder. He was in possession of the knowledge that three Indians had been killed. Compared to the severity of the Clallam punishment, this was an exceptionally light penalty, considering the nature of the supposed offense—the murder of a helpless crew of men washed up on the shore. We must therefore believe that McLoughlin had modified his attitude toward the degree of severity necessary to accomplish his purpose. This first letter was dictated but not sent. Later, possibly within the next day or two, he sent the same details, but with the conclusion that the crew had not been murdered but drowned. The affair of the Clatsops then stands on the books as punishment for their own aggressive impudence, rather than for murder.

When he chose McLeod to lead the expedition to seek out the murderers of Jedediah Smith's party, McLoughlin was careful to point out that McLeod was familiar with the country and had promised the natives to return to that region. McLeod reported within a short time that the discovery of the murderers and the recovery of Smith's goods were made almost impossible by the confused tribal relations of the region. But one suspects that McLeod did not push the matter with any great zeal. He had been chastened by the repercussions over his part in the Clallam

expedition. "I am unable even to form an Idea what measure to adopt at this early period," he wrote, "however, I am not disposed to hostile measures. I must learn more before proceeding to extremities." Smith's goods were recovered, but there is no report of any sanguinary punishment.

McLoughlin was not unaware of the distaste with which the personnel of these parties viewed their task:

> . . . they are the most disagreeable Duty to which a person can be appointed, and composed as they are of Canadians, Iroquois, a few Europeans, Owyhees, [Hawaiians] and native Indians whose language we do not speak . . . of kind servants who consider themselves bound to defend our persons and property when attacked but conceive it no part of their duty to go to war and merely go to oblige, and of freemen who may be bid but not commanded. . . .

But the party which accompanied Michel Laframboise against the Tillamooks in April 1832 had a real interest in seeing that the Indians were severely punished. Of the thirteen men who accompanied Laframboise, several, among them Alexander Carson, were freemen who were making their headquarters in the Willamette Valley. The murder of Pierre Kakaraquiron and Thomas Canasawarette had brought an act of Indian depredation too close to home for comfort.

McLoughlin may well have expected these men to be overly energetic in their task of teaching the Tillamooks a lesson. His instructions to Michel Laframboise included an admonition which, while not strange to McLoughlin's character, was an unusual part of his correspondence at this time:

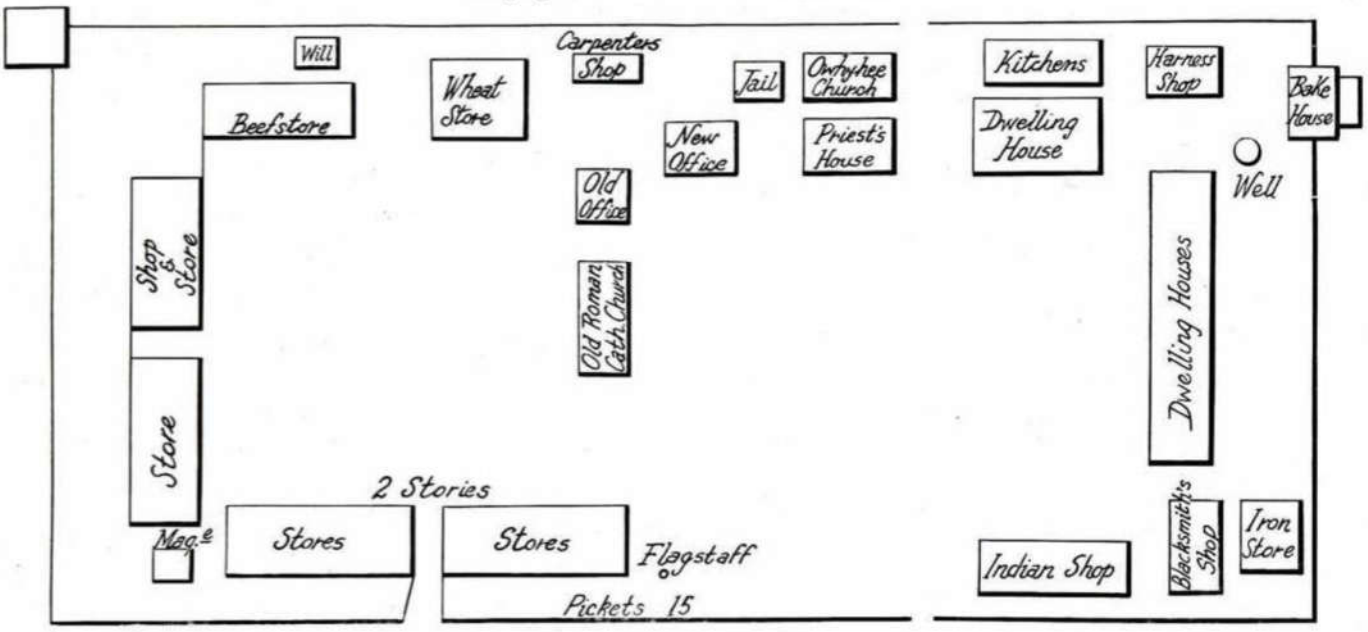
> As it is impossible for me at a distance to point out the manner in which this [the punishment of the murderers] can be effected with the least effusion of blood, I shall not shackle you with copious instructions, particularly as your experience in that part of the country, and your Knowledge of the Indian character, will point out to you the best mode of obtaining the object of your mission, Permit me, however, to recommend that as 'tis likely some innocent beings may in such cases unavoidably become victims as well as the guilty the severity necessary for our own safety and security, may always be tempered with humanity and mercy.

In less than three weeks, Laframboise reported that his mission had been accomplished with no loss to his party. Six Indians had been killed, the women and children had been briefly held and then released unharmed. McLoughlin thereupon ordered Laframboise to send word to the tribe that

> . . . what we have done is merely to let them see what we can do, and that as we do not wish to hurt the innocent we expect that [they] themselves will Kill the remainder of the Murderers of our people. If they do not we will return and will not spare one of the tribe.

"I pray to God," McLoughlin said in the same letter, "that we may not be exposed again to have recourse to violent measures." For the remaining years of the Hudson's Bay Company's supremacy in the Oregon country, the Indians of the western area remained peaceful and his prayer was fulfilled. It is true that disease was destroying their numbers and dependence upon the Company dimming their spirits, yet along the lonely forest trails the Indian was sorely tempted. That the Company's employees were safe was in large part due to McLoughlin's policy toward the Indians. He administered a justice they could understand, in terms of their fullest comprehension. If they were good, they were rewarded; if they were bad, they were punished. If they did not understand the tempering quality of mercy to be found in his later instances of punitive expeditions, it was not because that quality was lacking. They looked to him as a man of his word; and the Doctor's word was *hyas Klose*—very good.

Plan of Fort Vancouver in 1845, by Lieut. Vavasour, copied from the original in the Company's Archives. The square building shown at the northwest (upper left) corner is the bastion. The meaning of "Will" on the small structure to the east of it is doubtful. Scale is one hundred feet to an inch. The shore of the Columbia River was about five hundred yards south of the main gate. West of the fort, about three hundred yards distant, lay the village. Although the territory became part of the United States in 1846, the Company continued to trade there until 1860.



Moose Factory drowses under the summer sun. Beyond the garden, looking upstream, is the doctor's office, the R.C.M.P., the Anglican Church and new graveyard, and an Indian camp. Across one of the channels of the Moose River is Hayes Island, where Charles Bayly founded the post in 1673.

Moose Factory

TODAY AND YESTERDAY

Photographs by
Chief Factor J. L. Cotter and Clifford Wilson
(except where otherwise noted)

THE pictures on these eight pages might be divided into two groups. Some were taken about seventy-five years ago by the North's first photographer, James Cotter. Others were taken last summer by the editor. By comparing them it will be seen that the settlement of Moose Factory has changed but little with the passing of the years.

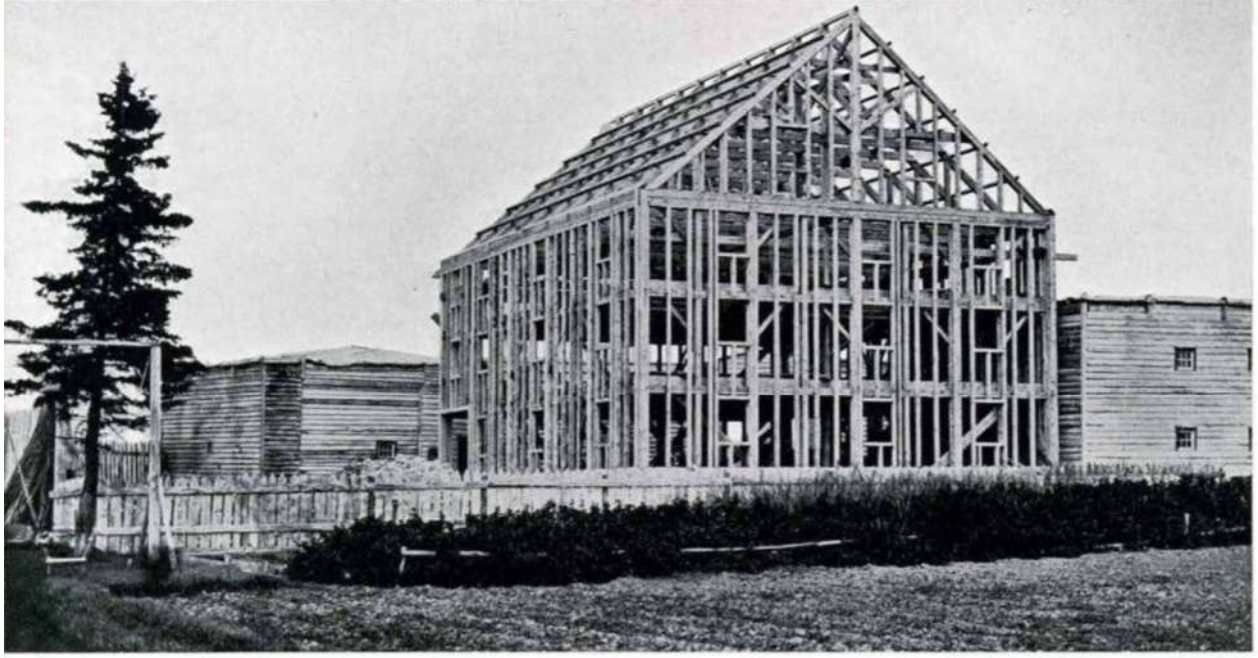
City dwellers who visit this old post find an atmosphere of timelessness about it that charms them. The Cree Indians bring their furs to the trading store today just as they did when the post was established on nearby Hayes Island 273 years ago. There is still only one road in the settlement, and the life that flows along it is calm and unhurried.

Only twice has the fort heard the clash of fur trade battles—once in 1686, when the Chevalier de Troyes came down the Moose River from faraway Montreal, and with a hundred men captured the post at dawn from seventeen leaderless traders; and once seven years later, when Governor Knight recaptured it for the Company. He burnt it then, and not until 1730 was a new fort built. Since then, trading has been carried on continuously—first on Hayes Island and then on Factory Island, where the post now stands.

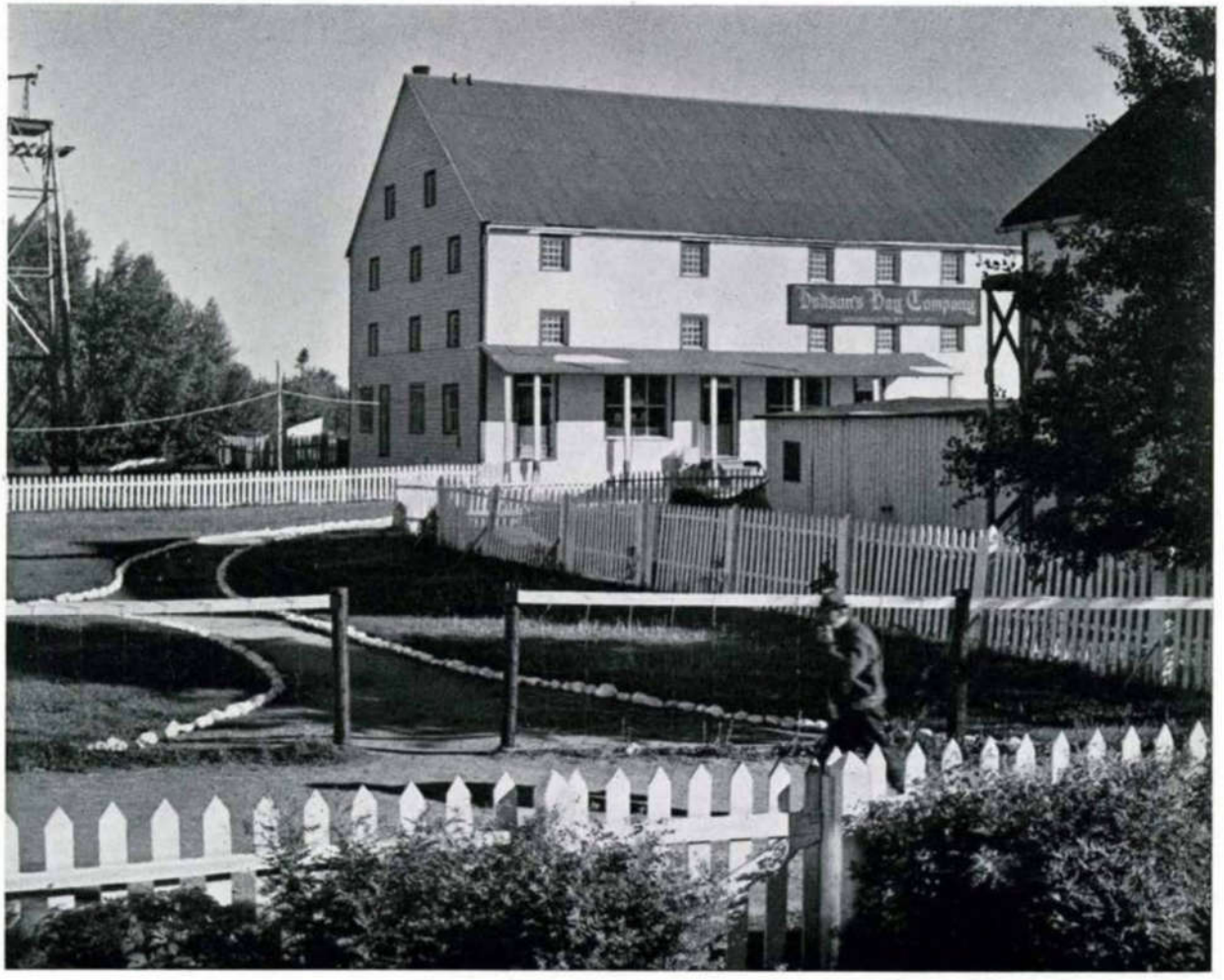
When the Company was reorganized in 1810, Moose was made the headquarters of the "southern factories." After union with the North West Company in 1821, it became the residence of William Williams, governor of the Southern Department, and meetings of the council of that department were held there several times between 1822 and 1843—Sir George Simpson as Governor-in-chief presiding at the last three. When the department was discontinued about the turn of the century, Moose became the headquarters of the district, and the ships from London, which had called there every year since 1730, began to deliver their cargoes instead at Charlton Island for distribution to the James Bay posts. In 1931 the railway from North Bay reached Moosonee, across the river from Moose Factory, and it became no longer necessary to bring trade goods in by way of Hudson Strait. The district office was moved to Winnipeg three years later, and Moose Factory reverted to the status of a fur trade post.

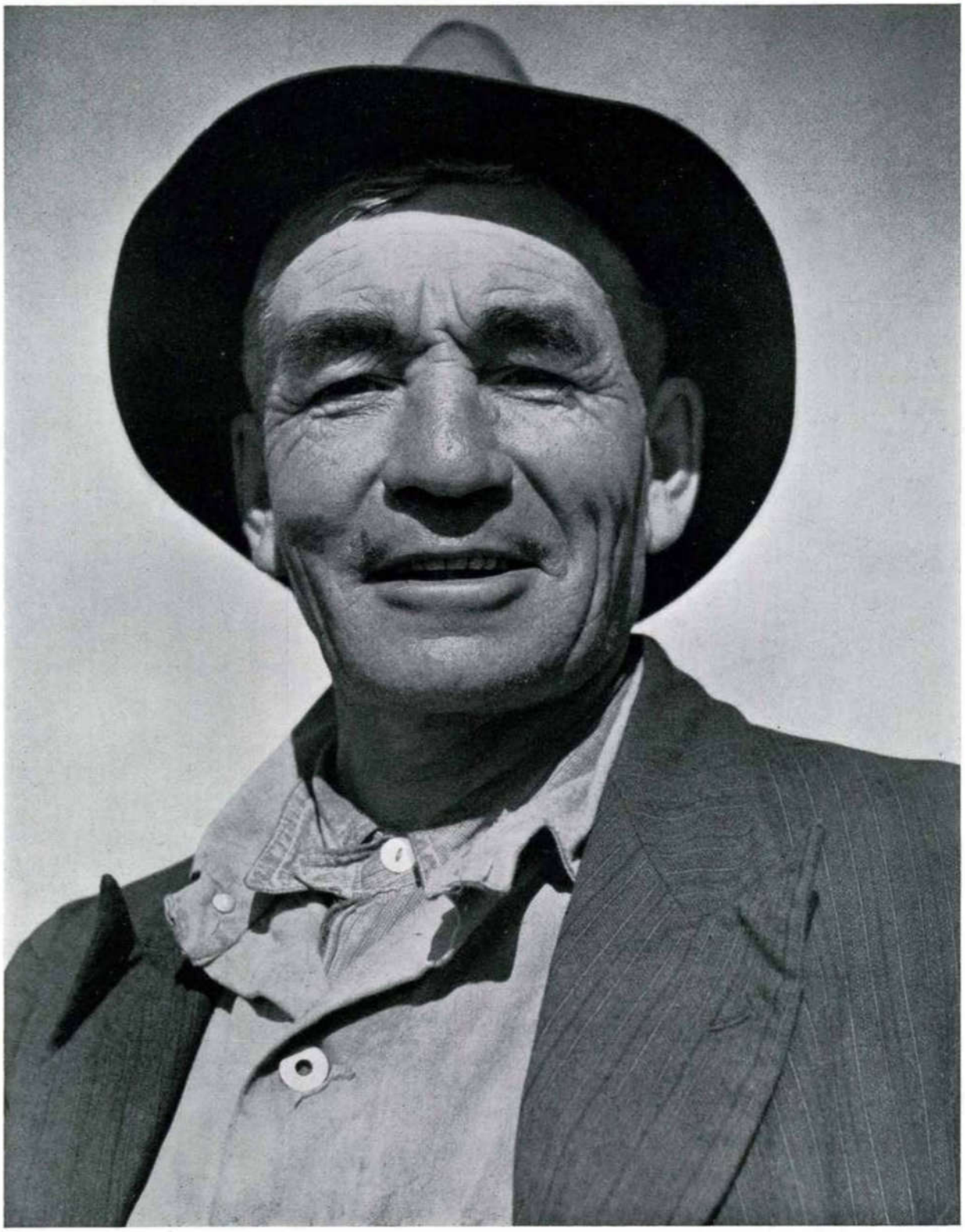
Some of its tall and spacious buildings still stand, however, as mute witnesses to its former importance, and recall the bygone era of square rigged ships and brigades of York boats and birch-bark canoes.

One of the guns on the lawn of the post manager's home. Beyond the flagstaff is the doctor's house, and the store.



The present three-storey warehouse and store, the south end of which is shown in both these pictures, was built of stout timbers in 1871. Beside it, in the top picture, is seen the "Old Factory," erected in the days of George III. When the store porch was repaired in 1938, two old lead plates were found, one commemorating the building of the store, the other a major repair of the 1890's. The lower photo was taken from the porch of the post manager's house.





Moose Factory man. George McLeod, who came to the post about the turn of the century, worked as a blacksmith there for fifteen years, then ran the sawmill for ten. Since 1924 he has been a sort of travelling carpenter for the Fur Trade Department. When he retires, he plans to go back to blacksmithing at Moose Factory. Portrait by R. N. Hourde.

Right: The lectern fall in the Anglican church is of moosehide beaded with a design of rising mallards.

Left: On this old anvil, generations of blacksmiths have pounded out spikes, nails, York boat fittings, door hardware, camp stoves, angle irons, canoe-pole irons, sled hardware, and dozens of other metal articles for use around the post, and on the rivers and trails that lead to it. Behind it is an old Carron stove, used in the fur trade across Canada. R. N. Hourde

Dr. Robert Bell, the celebrated Canadian geologist, at Moose Factory in 1878. The old cannon is of the same type and calibre as those at Fort Prince of Wales. It was later thrown into the river where it is now used as a deadhead. The Indians standing at bow and stern of the birchbark canoe were typical Moose Factory canoe men.

Top: The staff house (foreground) and post manager's dwelling, both built of squared logs in 1820. Anchored on the Moose River beyond is the doctor's launch.

Left: One of the chairs made at the post many years ago.

Right: the present post manager's family. Mrs. R. M. Duncan with Margaret and Norman in their garden.

Left: Children of the settlement below the post play on the river bank in the evening. One has a doll in an Indian moss bag.

The oldest gravestone in the old cemetery, erected to the memory of two brothers and two sisters—the youngest of whom died at ten months, the eldest at eleven years, when she was "lost among the ice with an Indian family" in 1802.

Group of old timers. Joseph Chichoo and Philip Morrison sit by an ancient fur press on one of the two rusted cannon overlooking the river. The guns were found on Trodely Island, just north of Charlton, and were brought in by an Eskimo in 1931.

1868: The settlement's only road, viewed from the post manager's residence. Down the left hand side are seen the decorated gateway to the old store; a small dwelling and the carpenters' shop (both still standing), the belfry, the joiners' shop, and at the end, the palisade of the depot, where the goods from London were stored, demolished in 1932. In the distance is a schooner bringing goods from the London ship (anchored out of sight) and transferring them to a lighter in which they were conveyed to the wharf (seen directly below). The white building near the river was used as a steam sawmill from 1883 to 1914. In the foreground are two large cannon, one of which appears in the picture of Dr. Bell, and beyond them piles of whipsawn lumber, and one of the lighters.

1945: Other generations walk the selfsame road, little changed in eighty years.

Eskimos of 1746

by Henry Ellis

This account of the eastern Arctic natives reprinted from Ellis's "Voyage to Hudson's Bay" is almost as true today as it was 200 years ago. The words printed in italics refer to objects, etc., that are no longer used.

AT these islands [Savage Islands, on the north coast of Hudson Strait], there came on board us three large and twenty-six small canoes, full of Eskimaux Indians, whose business was to trade. The commodities they brought, were whale-bone and seal skins, in exchange for which we gave them hatches, saws, gimblets, &c. Their stock was not great, but we made a considerable profit by our dealings with them. On the other hand, they thought themselves so well used, that they were desirous of continuing their traffick as long as possible: in order to which, when they had disposed of all their goods, both men and women were very eager in stripping themselves almost naked, that they might sell their clothes, which they did for knives, pieces of iron, and such like. We observed an odd *custom* they had, which was that of licking every thing they bought before they put it into their canoes.

A more particular description of these people may possibly prove entertaining to the reader, and as it cannot come in any where with greater propriety, I shall give it here, as succinctly and exactly as I can. These people are of a middle size, robust and inclinable to be fat, their heads are large, faces round and flat, their complexions swarthy, eyes black, small and sparkling, noses flat, lips big, hair black and lank, shoulders broad, limbs proportionable, but feet extraordinary small. Their behaviour is chearful and sprightly; but they seem to be very subtle, designing, cunning and deceitful, great flatterers, much addicted to pilfer from strangers, easily encouraged to a degree of boldness, but as easily frighted.

They are extremely, I might say, obstinately attached to their own customs and manner of living. Some of them, who have been taken prisoners by the Southern Indians, when they were boys and brought to the Factories, and there kept for several years, have still regretted their absence from their native country. One of these, after having been fed on English diet, being present when one of the Englishmen was cutting up a seal, from whence the train oil ran very plentifully, licked up what he could save with his hands, and said, "Ah! commend me to my own dear country, where I could get my belly full of this." It would be no difficult matter to civilize them, if their trade was worth the labour, which at present is but inconsiderable; though it might be greatly increased, if they were encouraged, and supplied with proper instruments for taking whales, seals, &c. They are very dextrous in the management of their canoes, which are of a construction very suitable to their occasions, easy of carriage, and of very quick motion; their frames are made of wood or *whalebone*, very slender, and covered with sealskin parchment all over, a hole in the middle excepted, which has a rim of whalebone or wood round about it to prevent the water coming down off the deck, and affords only room for one man to fit in, his feet stretched forward, and sometimes a skin laced about his waist from the rim beforementioned, which effectually shuts out all water.

The seams they rub with a kind of pitch[1] or glue, which is said to be made of seals bludder [*sic*]; in these boats they carry their little conveniences and instruments for killing whales, sea-horses [walrus], sea-unicorns [narwhals], seals, &c. at all which they are very expert; they likewise carry *slings and stones* in their canoes, which they use very dextrously, and can do execution at a great distance. Their harpoons are headed and pointed with sea-horse teeth [walrus tusks], the upper end serves to spear the whale, or other large animals, when they are struck, the more readily to dispatch them; the lower end is made use of to strike the fish, and introduce into his body a barb tipped with iron, which remains there whilst the other part of the harpoon disengages itself readily and comes out. To this barb is fastened a thong of sea-horse-hide,[2] at the end of which is a seal skin blown up, which serves as a buoy to shew where the whale is when he goes down, and prodigiously fatigues him as he swims. At last having entirely exhausted his force, he grows faint, and with some small struggle he expires. They then with their canoes tow him ashore, strip him of his fat or blubber, which serves them for food, and to burn in their lamps in the winter.

Besides these small canoes for the men, which are sharp at each end, about twenty feet long, and eighteen inches or two foot broad, paddled by one paddle, broad at each end, which serves both sides without changing it; they have boats much larger [oomiaks], that are open, and rowed by the women; these are made of the same materials as the former, and will carry above twenty persons.

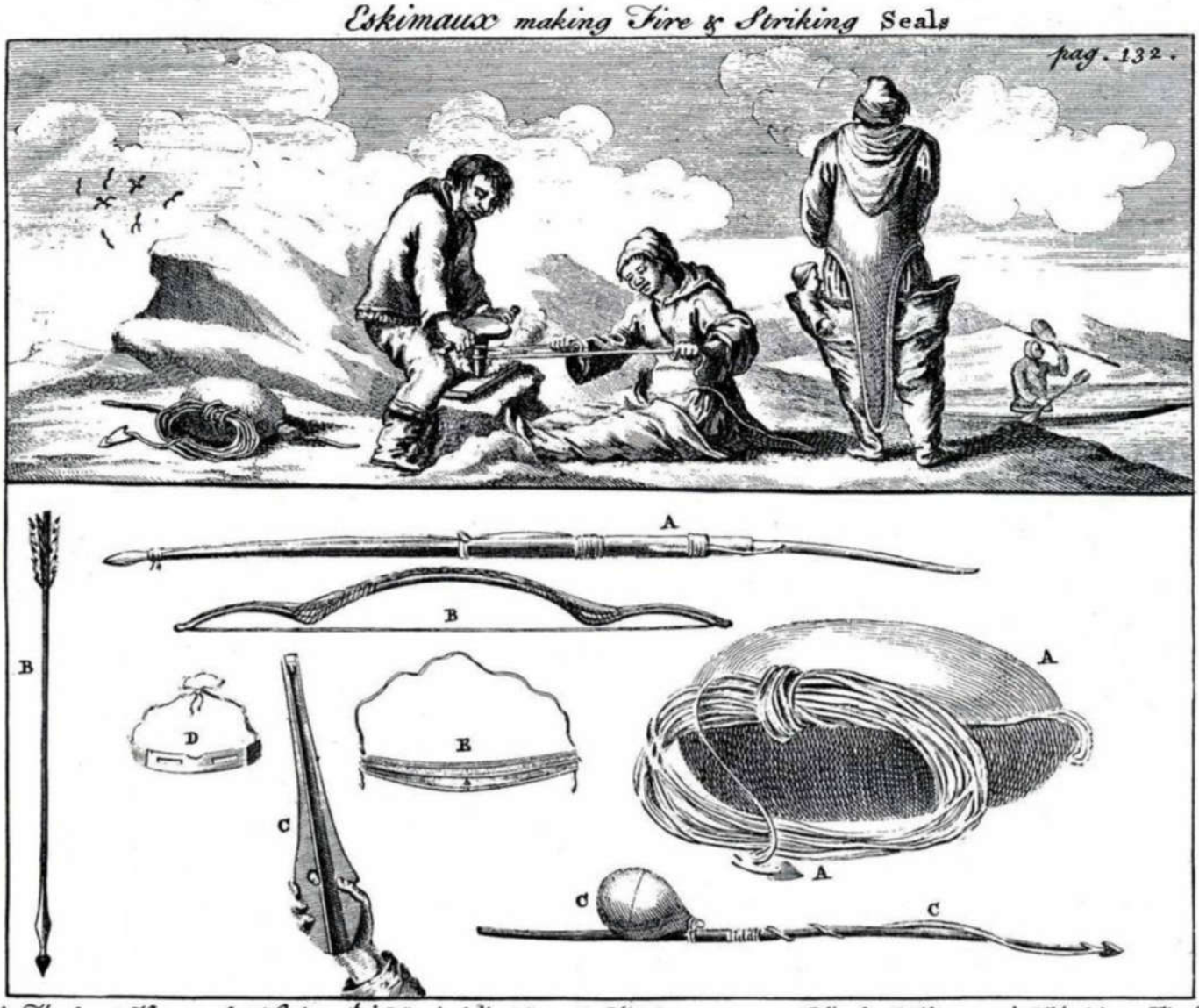
As to the dress of these people, there may much be said, and that too not unentertaining, however, I shall be very concise. The mens clothes are of seal skin, deer skins, and sometimes also are made of the skins of land and sea fowl sewed together; each of their coats has a hood like that of a Capuchin, is close from the breast before like a shirt, and reaches not lower then the middle of the thigh; their breeches are close before and behind, gathered like a purse with a string, and tied about their waists; they have *several pair of boots* and socks, that they wear one over another to keep them warm, and which keep out the water. The difference between the dress of the men and the women is, that the women have a train to their jackets, that reaches down to their heels. Their hoods are also larger and wider at the shoulders, for the sake of carrying their children in them more conveniently on their backs, and their boots are a great deal wider, and are commonly stuck out with sticks of whalebone, because when they want to lay their child out of their arms, they flip it into one of their boots, till they can take it

up again.[3] Some few of them wear shifts of seals bladders sewed together in pretty near the same form with those in Europe. In general their clothes are sewed very neat, which is performed with an *ivory* needle, and the sinews of deer split fine, and so used for thread. There is likewise a good deal of taste and judgment discovered in the manner in which they adorn them with stripes of different coloured skins, sewed in the manner of borders, cuffs and robings for their clothes, which altogether look very tight, neat, and even elegant, or at least handsome as well as convenient.

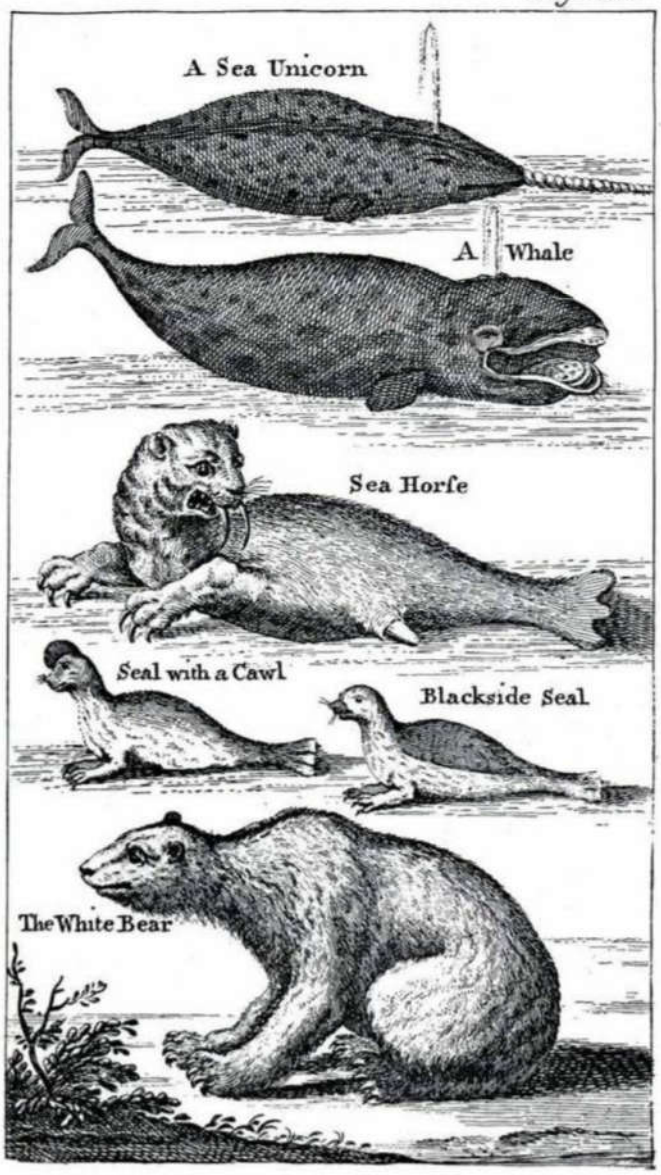
If their clothes and other necessaries are well contrived, their snow-eyes, as they very properly call them, are no less so. These are bits of wood or *ivory*, neatly formed to cover the organs of sight, and tied at the back of the head; in each piece of wood are two slits, of the same length with the eyes, but narrow; thro' which they see very distinctly, and without feeling any inconvenience. This invention prevents snow-blindness, a very grievous and painful distemper, occasioned by the action of the light, strongly reflected from the snow upon the eyes, more especially in the spring, when the sun is pretty high. The use of these strengthens the sight prodigiously, and becomes so habitual, that when they would observe any object at a great distance, they commonly look through them, as we do through telescopes.

The same spirit of invention shews itself full as much, or rather more, in their instruments for fishing and fowling: Their darts and harpoons are very well made, and answer their intentions perfectly well; but their greatest ingenuity is shewn in the structure of their *bows*, made commonly of three pieces of wood, each making a part of the same arch, very nicely and exactly joined together. They are commonly of fir, or larch, which the English there call juniper; and as this wants strength and elasticity, they supply both by bracing the back of the bow, with a kind of thread or

A cut from Ellis's book illustrating some of the costumes and weapons of the Eskimos along the north shore of Hudson Strait. All these objects except the fire drill were used until recently, and A, C and D are used today.



A. The Great Harpoon for Whales w.th its Barb Coil, & Buoy. B The Bow & Arrow. C The Small Harpoon, its Bladder & Barb, with the Instrument to dart it at the Seals. D The Snow Eyes. E. The Breast Ornament made of a Seahorse Tooth.



Ellis's illustrator let his fancy roam here. Top to bottom: Narwhal, Greenland whale, walrus, hooded seal, harp seal, polar bear.

line made of the sinews of their deer, and the bow-string of the same material. To make them draw more stifly, they dip them into water, which causes both the back of the bow and the string to contract, and consequently gives it the greater force; and as they practise from their youth, they shoot with very great dexterity. Thus much I can report of these people from my own knowledge.

. . . . . .

On the 8th [July 1747], we sailed with an intention to coast to the northward, but in repassing the shoals, the tide swept us upon a ridge of stones, where our vessel was very near being stove to pieces. While we were in this hazardous situation [near Tavane], there came off to us six canoes of Eskimaux with whalebone, which we bought of them. They were very sensible of the distress we were in, but so far from taking any advantage of us, that they were not only extremely civil, but highly serviceable; for when the tide of flood floated us off, an old man, who seemed better acquainted with the place then the rest, paddled before us, pointed out the shoals, and kept in the deep water; so that it was in some measure by his assistance, that the *Resolution* not only escaped being lost, but escaped also without suffering any damage. Whatever therefore the French writers, or even some of our own may say, in prejudice to the character of these poor people, it is but bare justice in us to own, that they treated us not only with humanity, but with great kindness and friendship.

I must confess, that I could not help admiring very much, not only the industry, but the ingenuity of these people; who for want of iron are frequently obliged to make not only the barbs of their arrows, darts, and harpoons, but also hatchets and knives, of stones, sea-horse teeth, or sea-unicorn horns, which creatures abound here; and it is not easy to say how dextrously they use materials, which to us seem so very improper for purposes to which they employ them. Their needles are also made of the same stuff, notwithstanding which their cloaths are perfectly well sewed, and are not only strong and close, but very neatly made, in the same manner as those of the people we met with in Hudson's Straits, which have been more particularly described; and therefore we will spare the reader the trouble of any repetitions here. It is from hence, as well as from the great conformity between them in their language, persons, and customs, that we conclude them to have been originally one people; but then it must be acknowledged, that these are a more affable, friendly and better disposed sort of folks, as well as more accomplished artists in those several branches of mechanicks, which they have been taught by one common mistress, necessity, which is the sole mother of invention amongst them.

It will in some measure justify this observation to remark that the borders of their habits are commonly fringed with cut leather, and are sometimes hung with fawns teeth; and the women do not stick out the sides of their boots with whalebone, as the other Eskimaux do, whose customs have been before described. There is also another circumstance in which these people likewise differ from those formerly mentioned, and that is in wearing a *cap* made of the skin of a buffalo's [musk-ox's?] tail; which, tho' it has a horrid appearance, yet it is very useful in keeping off the muskетoes, which in this country are excessively troublesome. It is true, that the hair hanging over their faces somewhat obstructs their sight; yet then it is easily removed with their hands; but if it was not for this defence, those insects would be insupportable here, as they are in some parts of Lapland, according to the account given us by Mr. Maupertuis, in his excellent book of the figure of the earth. For this purpose their children wear them while they hang at their mothers backs, when it must be allowed, that they make a most dismal figure, and are apt to raise a shocking idea of the barbarity of these savages, tho' they are nevertheless a very harmless and inoffensive people.

When they go to sea, in order to catch fish, they commonly carry with them in their boats, a bladder full of train oil, as our people do a dram bottle, and seem to drink the contents with the same relish; nay, we have sometimes seen them, when their stock was out, draw the very bladder through their teeth with much seeming satisfaction. In all probability they are

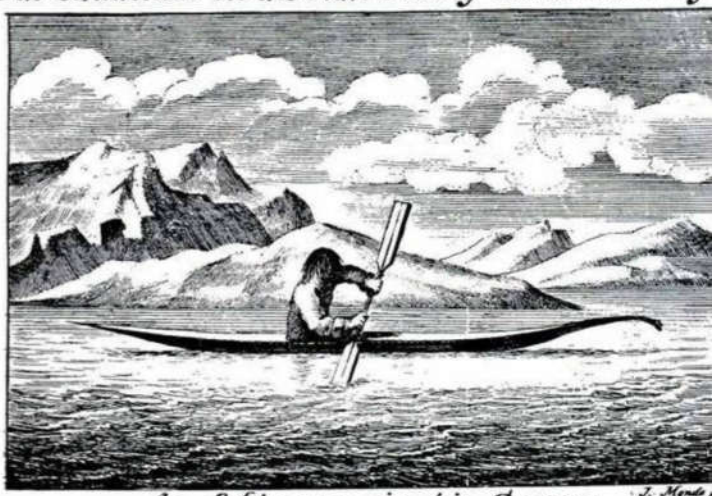
The dotted lines show the route of Ellis's two ships, the "Dobbs Galley" and "California," in 1746-7. Below is another cut from his book.

convinced by experience, of the salutary effects even of this coarse kind of oil, in this rigorous climate, which makes them so fond of it; and I am the rather induced to be of this opinion, because I have heard, that the inhabitants of St. Kilda, a rocky island on the coast of Scotland, are no less pleased with the oil they make from the fat of Soland geese, which must be very near as rancid. They also make use of this oil for their lamps, which are made of stone, hollowed out with some difficulty, and as artificially as can be well expected, considering the tools they work with; and for the wick, instead of cotton, which we use, they have recourse to dryed goose dung, a very poor shift indeed, but still better than none.[4]

They have a very dextrous *method of kindling fire;* in order to which, they prepare two small pieces of dry wood, which having made flat, they next make a small hole in each, and having fitted into these holes a little cylindrical piece of wood, to which a thong is fastened, they whirl it about thereby with such a velocity, that by rubbing the pieces of wood one against the other, this motion soon sets them on fire; and then by applying the lighted piece of wood to dry moss, in the same manner that we use tinder, they make as great a fire as they please. It will be proper to add, that what little timber they have, is entirely drift wood; and this failing them in the winter, they are obliged to make use of their lamps before described, for the supply of their family occasions. A notion has pretty generally prevailed, as if these people lived under ground in the winter; but that this is absolutely a mistake will appear from hence, that the country in which they live, is for the most part one continued rock; and tho' possibly there may be a considerable depth of soil in some of their vallies; yet this being froze almost as hard as that rock, such a manner of living must be to them impracticable[5].

Page 232

An Eskimaux on the N.W. Side of **Hudsons Bay**



An Eskimaux in his **Canoe**

[1] The main constituent in the pitch used today is seal blood.

[2] Probably sealskin as used today.

[3] These boots are never worn nowadays, and the custom of carrying children in this manner has not been seen for many years.

[4] The modern wick is of moss or lichen.

[5] Semi-subterranean houses were certainly used by some Eskimos. See *The Beaver*, March 1945, page 36.

The Abitibi River below Otter Portage J.W.A.

Abitibi Holiday

by Peter Randall and J. T. H. Johnson, M.DD.

TO most of us in the United States the name Hudson Bay sounds almost as distant, romantic and unattainable as it did in old Henry Hudson's time. However, there are now seven of us who, in the short space of a two-week furlough last summer, found that this is not necessarily the case.

We were all Army medical students from the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, most of whom had had a good bit of canoeing experience in the lake districts of southern Canada. After long months of being cooped up in classes and hospital routine we were all anxious to use our short vacation in getting as far away from humanity as possible. The great rivers flowing into James Bay seemed to be a perfect solution.

But there was a tremendous gap between conception and completion of our plans. We knew of no one who had ever been up in that region, and unfortunately there are no organized outfitters there from whom we could rent canoes and necessary equipment. So we wrote for information to every conceivable government agency in Ottawa and Toronto, and to dozens of officials, station-masters and commercial representatives in the Cochrane region. Some of them were frankly discouraging. One pessimistic official wrote, "besides the savage swarms of black flies and mosquitoes, there are more than eighty miles of white water dangerous even for the most experienced voyageur." But L. G. Dent, of the Department of Game and Fisheries, kindly agreed to help us. He gave us invaluable assistance in rounding up canoes and equipment as well as corralling our unique and excellent guide, Alex Hunter. Both of them knew a great deal about the Abitibi River, which we had chosen to try because of its size and availability by railroad. So, without further ado, we boarded the train at Baltimore, outfitted our selves with groceries etc. at Cochrane, and launched ourselves on the Abitibi River at Island Falls.

The Abitibi used to be a major highway for the canoe packets of the Hudson's Bay posts on James Bay, until the railway was put through to Moosonee a dozen years ago. But since then it has rarely been travelled, and we had to cut out nearly every portage and camp-site. Fortunately Alex had an uncanny memory for the course of every rapid, its channels, reefs, and even its rocks, though he hadn't run them for years. With his directions we were able to shoot most of the rapids or at least wade them in their shallow margins.

After we passed the tremendous dam and power plant at Abitibi Canyon, we were completely in the wilderness. To illustrate how thin is the band of civilization around the railroads, we might mention that

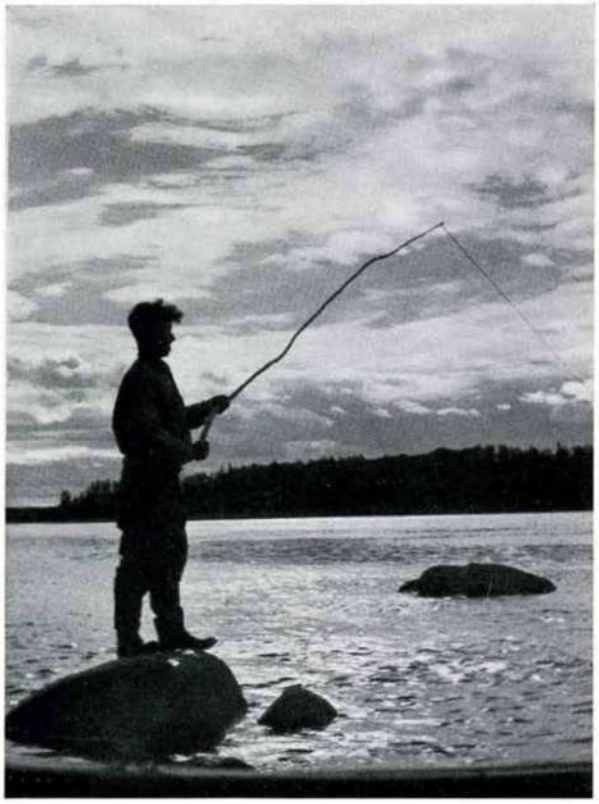
the first morning after starting the trip we were awakened in the gray dawn by the splashing of five moose across the river, barely one hundred yards away. Completely unaware of our camp, they were sloshing around in the morning mist under the watchful eye of an old bull of magnificent size.

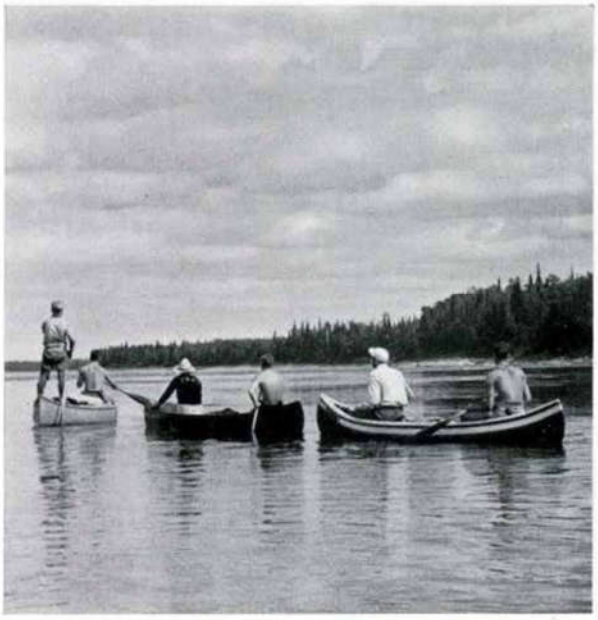
The river is winding, a fairly even two hundred yards wide—or, in United States parlance, about the size of the Potomac. There are long smooth stretches of leisurely paddling broken at intervals by miles of swirling rapids where the river cuts through high banks in sudden drops totalling over eight hundred feet. These banks are frequently seventy-five to a hundred feet high, and we noticed they were well scarred with the spring highwater marks twenty-five feet above our heads. The river looked immense to us there in the late summer, and we shuddered to think what an unruly torrent it must be during the spring break-up.

The trip progressed smoothly from the start. As we had not known what we would get into, we had allowed ample time, and hence were able to proceed leisurely, with considerable emphasis on eating and sleeping. We had not counted so heavily on the strength of the current, and in several stretches of rapids made an effortless ten miles in little over an hour. Thus, with all Nature pushing us on, our unconditioned muscles did not have to strain too heavily, and we led a decadent life, often not arising from our beds of balsam boughs till nine or ten in the morning.

The first few rapids were fortunately rather mild, so we brushed up on our river technique and incidentally picked up increasing respect for Alex's judgement on exactly how to thread down them. On the fourth day we reached the famous Otter Rapids, which no man has ever attempted and survived. Alex told of the last fellow who tried it, and hinted wryly that he might have made it for neither his body nor a splinter of his craft have been found to prove he didn't. We took one look at the beautiful two-mile gorge through which the river thunders and foams in places only forty feet wide, and were well content to lug our equipment through the brush.

Alex may not buy his equipment at Abercrombie & Fitch, but he gets results.





Approaching a rapid, Alex Hunter, the guide, stands on the gunwales of his canoe to get a better view.

Below the Otter are the remarkable Coral Rapids, where the Abitibi cuts through a cliff made almost entirely of fossilized ferns, fish, and marine invertebrates. Here we dare not touch any rocks with the canoes for they were all razor-edged. But by the time we reached our favourite, the Nine Mile Rapids, the geology had again changed and we had a superb series of shoots, one after the other, for mile on mile, so that we barely had time to pick our course before we were off again.

It was on this fateful rapid when we were going so well that we became too "expert" and had our only mishap. The very last shoot of all was the toughest and would have appalled us at the beginning of the series, but by that time we were gaily ploughing ahead. The first two canoes bobbed like corks as they rode the five tremendous swells at the bottom, but they made it after shipping only a little water. Our little sixteen-foot canoe was third, and hitting them at a slight angle, it was tossed completely over by the first wave. The last canoe, unfortunately, was in the grip of the current when this happened, so had to continue onward and go off to one side where the angle was wrong, and the waves higher, choppier and closer together. It was agonizing to watch it battle through the first four swells, shipping water by the gallon, and then teeter to the top of the last one only to be toppled over.

Fortunately the water was deep, though very swift, and we could all swim well. Those in the water grabbed hold of the bottoms of their canoes and, after being swept a couple of hundred yards down stream, gradually swam them toward shore. All our packs had been waterproofed and lashed in, so we suffered no

major losses, except that twenty-eight chocolate bars were left behind for the fishes. Also, the day had been hot and the flies absent, so all had gradually shed their clothing and thrown it loosely in the canoes. Therefore it was a ludicrous looking lot who straggled shivering from the river in various states of attire; one with only shoes, socks, and a limp wet hat he had rescued—otherwise as naked as a jaybird.

After this the trip went smoothly. The river had widened to two or three times its original size, and in the calm days we often saw the majestic osprey or were startled by the sudden jump of a giant fish. Paddling close along the banks, much of our attention was absorbed in looking for tracks in the soft mud. They were generally profuse, varying from those of sandpipers, foxes and muskrats to those of moose, and occasionally deer and bear. In the scrubby spruces and birches the chickadee and Canada jays chatted away the day. Once we picked up the footprints of a man, and after watching them for about half a mile we saw an old Indian trapper trudging along with his gunny-sack over his shoulder, making the rounds of his rabbit snares. Though most of the Indians in the region preferred to spend their lazy summer days sleeping around the Hudson's Bay posts, there were occasional families which stayed in the bush hunting all year round.

We passed civilization in the form of an old lumber camp whose sole inhabitant was an old Finn, the caretaker. We availed ourselves of the luxurious surroundings by taking an old-fashioned Finnish steam bath and baking a huge apple pie with the remnants of our buckwheat flour and dehydrated apples. Then we pushed on down to a beautiful series of rapids where the Abitibi joins the waters of the Missinaibi and the Mattagami in the great Moose River. Here the shores were more open, the Canada goose and Arctic tern became prevalent, the fishing improved, and at night the north wind was very cold. Thirty miles below we reached the second oldest Hudson's Bay post in Canada at the tiny settlement of Moose Factory.

Moose Factory itself was fascinating to us so freshly out of the big cities. In size and atmosphere it seemed to have changed little since its founding in 1673. It still consists mainly of the post with its church, school and doctor, and a transient summer population of several hundred Indians. We seemed to be as much of a curiosity to them as they were to us—that is, if their comments in Cree were in keeping with their gestures and giggles. The men mostly wore dungarees and shirts buttoned to the collars without ties, and almost universally a soft visored cap. The women wore plain dresses, but there were a few old squaws with long beaded shawls and an occasional papoose bound up in moss. They were very inactive, sat and watched or paddled around in large heavy canoes, waiting for the end of summer, when they would migrate back to the bush for another winter of trapping.

Our last day was spent pleasantly in the old post among its furs and relics, and in being treated to our first civilized meal. Then, paddling through a stretch of water, we camped on the mainland at Moosonee. The next morning we left this small outpost on the semi-weekly train to Cochrane, and chugged back to civilization.

All of us found the trip exceedingly interesting and pleasant, and, contrary to our earliest fears, eminently practicable. The only requirement a canoeist really needs is a realization of his own limitations so as not to attempt the foolhardy. The practical difficulties consist mainly in the scarcity of information about the region, and the lack of outfitters and experienced guides. With their help the Abitibi, Albany, Mattagami, Harricanaw and many others would be more available for the sportsman to enjoy.

Lobstick Rapids on the Abitibi. J.W.A.

Willow Grouse on her nest

Nature Studies

by W. F. Montgomery

Nest of a Ruby-throated
Humming Bird
(About natural size)

The London Fur Sales

Beaver House, head office of the Hudson's Bay Company. On the left is Great Trinity Lane; on the right, Little Trinity Lane.

IT may seem strange that London, situated as it is, so far from the rich fur-bearing countries of the world, should hold the traditional position of world centre of the fur trade. But the origins of this position are deep rooted in history. The fur trade is one of the oldest trades in the world, antedating by many centuries the discovery of America.

Even as far back as the sixth century B.C. the Phoenicians brought furs to Britain in exchange for Cornish tin. There was a fur trade in Roman times, and in the ninth century Norse traders brought furs to Britain. London, well situated as a landing stage for continental trade, and already established as the chief port and commercial centre of Britain, became the natural market centre also for the fur trade.

In the Middle Ages, the Hanseatic League, a great commercial organization which dealt amongst other things in quantities of furs, had its headquarters and chief depot in London. And so the importance of London to the fur trade became even greater.

As time went by, conditions altered. The Hanseatic League fell into disrepute and the whole fur trade declined. Up to this date, both men and women had worn furs, if they were wealthy enough to be able to afford them. Edward III decreed that rare furs, such as ermine and sable, should be restricted "to royalty, the nobility, and persons who give at least £100 a year to the Church." Ladies wearing furs had to be of "blameless or at least noble birth." But with the decline of the fur trade, the wearing of furs declined.

It was a London fashion that brought about the revival of the fur trade. In the time of Charles I, fashionable men wore large felt hats adorned with a covering of fur. Hat-makers discovered that the fur of the beaver had barbs along the fine underhairs which made them stick to the felt. As a result of this discovery, a great demand for beaver grew up. French codfishermen visiting the Gulf of St. Lawrence returned with beautiful beaver skins, which they had bartered from the natives there. French explorers penetrating to the Great Lakes found the forests abounding in fur-bearing animals.

The story of the two *coureurs de bois*, Groseilliers and Radisson, is well known—how, after being spurned by their countrymen, they came to the court of Charles II, how they interested Prince Rupert in a scheme for tapping the beaver wealth of Canada through Hudson Strait, and how the Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated by royal charter to carry on that trade.

The granting of the Royal Charter gave a tremendous impetus to the fur trade. Vast imports of skins started that very year, and the redevelopment of London as an entrepot market for furs was well on its way.

The first recorded public fur sale was held at Garraway's Coffee House, Change Alley, London, in 1672. The minutes of the Company for January 16 in that year mention it as follows:

"That the publicke sale formerly ordred to bee upon the 24th of January next bee confirmed, & that Mr. Kirke Mr. Radison and goosbery bee desired to mor-

THE

Hudson's Bay Company,

WILL EXPOSE TO

SALE

BY

AUCTION,

AT

THEIR HOUSE,

Fenchurch Street,

ON

Wednesday and Thursday, the 27th and 28th February, 1828,

At TEN o'Clock PRECISELY,

THE FOLLOWING GOODS, VIZ:

106,979	Skins	Marten
11,218	,,	Mink
7,589	,,	Cat
1,400	,,	Fisher
715	,,	Fox, Silver and Cross
1,321	,,	Do. Red
786	,,	Do. White, Blue and Kitt
2180	,,	Bear, Black
465	,,	Do. Brown and Grey
1,063	,,	Wolf
544	,,	Wolverin
197	,,	Raccoon and Badger
4,891	,,	Rabbit

and sundry other Furs.

To be seen at the Company's Warehouse, Fenchurch Street, from Wednesday next, the 20th Instant, to the time of Sale.

row morneing to take care that the lb 3000 weight of beaver ordred to be sould bee divided into severall lotts of about lb 100 to a lott in order thereunto That Mr. Heatley or some other person whom hee will bee answerable for doe attende in the warehouse constantly from nyne in the morneing to twelve of the clocke & from two to five in the afternoone to show the beaver untill the sale bee over. That Mr. Rastell doe signify upon the bills fixt upon the Exchange that the beaver will bee to bee seen at the houres aforesayd."

The sale was said to have been attended by many well known people, and at least one member of the Royal Family. Sales were made by candle. That is to say, an inch of lighted candle was set up. Its wick fell when it had burned down. The last bidder before the fall of the wick was the buyer.

It was supposedly after a visit to one of the Company auctions that the poet Dryden wrote:

> Friend, once 'twas Fame that led thee forth
> To brave the Tropick Heat, the Frozen North,
> Late it was Gold, then Beauty was the Spur;
> But now our Gallants venture but for Fur.

For the first ten years of sales the auctions were held at various places in London. Then in 1682 the Company leased Scrivener's Hall in Aldersgate. In 1695 they moved to Fenchurch Street, and in 1794 to another building on the same street. In 1865 they leased the old silk warehouse of the East India Company at No. 1, Lime Street. The auctions were first held in the commercial sale rooms, and subsequently in the sale rooms of C. M. Lampson and Company for nearly forty years.

The auctions were by no means limited to furs. Often they included various other products of the Canadian wilderness. The sale of March 14, 1727, for instance, offered moose skins, and that of February 14, 1779, included bird feathers, goose quills, whale fins, and train oil. The sale of April 16, 1828, offered 5,072

Buyers inspect raw Persian lamb skins in the warehouse before a sale early this year.

Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, presides at the opening of the first general auction to be held in Beaver House since 1940.

swan skins, 441 deer skins, 2 casks of pine gum, and 51 lbs. of "rock chrystal"; and that on December 10 of the same year was confined to castorum, isinglass, whalebone, walrus tusks, oil, buffalo and deer tongues, feathers; goose, swan and eagle quills and wings; and cases and casks.

In the early 1920's, the Company decided to build a new warehouse and sale room, and the magnificent structure called Beaver House was commenced, directly above the Mansion House station. The official opening took place on the Company's two hundred and fifty-fifth birthday, May 2nd, 1925; but it was not until January 1928 that the sale room was ready to accommodate the first auction to be held there.

British Gaumont "shoots" M. Louis Grand as he inspects white fox furs.

These fur auctions continued up to 1940. But with the outbreak of war in Europe, it was no longer practicable to ship large quantities of furs to London, and so they were discontinued. For the time being, the London entrepot market could not be maintained.

But with the end of the war, London could resume her traditional leadership. Before the war, Britain imported raw furs to the value of £18,000,000. In 1938, furs had formed over half of the total re-exports and nearly one sixth of the combined total of exports and re-exports of the United Kingdom taken by the United States of America. When the British Government, in September 1945, raised the ban on fur imports which had been imposed during the war, trade in furs again followed the ancient route that led through London.

Fur brokers, merchants, manufacturers, and dressers and dyers quickly re-established pre-war connections, and engaged again in the export of furs. Within the industry itself, there was much activity. Language classes were established to enable members to handle international trade efficiently; fur trade evening classes reopened for the training of ex-service men and women. Plans for a fur-trade day school were drawn up.

Most important of all, the Hudson's Bay Company, which had sold its fur collections in New York and Montreal during the war, resumed its fur auctions in London. The first of these took place early this year.

During the week before the sale, buyers, both from home and abroad, were visiting the Hudson's Bay Company's warehouses to inspect the furs. Friday, February 22, was pre-view day for the Press, which was anxious to give the public a full account of a trade revival so important to London. All the well known British and some foreign newspapers sent representatives to Beaver House early in the morning.

In the warehouse itself, thousands of pounds worth of raw skins hung in rows, sorted and graded for condition and size. There was a dazzling mass of white fox furs from the barren lands; lustrous blue foxes from the Arctic; and red foxes from southern Canada.

Piles of beaver skins attracted the attention of many buyers. Flat and unpliable, it was hard to imagine that these skins would ultimately become, when dressed and finished, the soft silky coats that are so fashionable. Other skins were there too—badger, ermine, marten, musquash, otter, seal, squirrel, wolf. All these furs—over 500,000 of them—came from Canada.

Other parts of the world were also represented. From Asia and Australia had come fox furs; from India, Indian lamb skins. There were American opossum, raccoon, and skunk skins; and South American skunk and fox furs. Samples of all these were on view for the inspection of buyers, who marked in their catalogues those skins for which they wished to bid.

Further evidence of the general interest taken in the occasion was the presence in the warehouse that day of members of the British Broadcasting Corporation, and a film unit from Movie-Tone News (British Gaumont). Godfrey Talbot of the B.B.C. made various recordings of the events taking place, and also recorded conversations with Elwyn Ingrams, manager of the Company's London Fur Department; Louis Grand, well known French buyer who has been attend-

ing the general auctions since 1899; and H. W. Sayer, in London to buy for well known American firms. A special programme, centering round M. Benjamin of Lausanne, Switzerland, was arranged for transmission to French Canada. Mr. Talbot broadcast in the B.B.C. Home Service on the opening day of the sale. On the previous day the B.B.C. broadcast twice to Canada —once on the purple network, and again by direct short-wave transmission.

British Gaumont chose for their subject matter a brief record of what happens to the furs from the time they first arrive in the raw at Beaver House to the day when they are finished and ready to wear. They "shot" a van load of furs arriving at the warehouse; they showed the graders at work grading and sorting the furs; they showed the graded furs hanging in rows ready for the buyers' inspection, and the arrival of some of the buyers in their white coats. This film, about five minutes in length, was released throughout Britain in all Movie-Tone News theatres next week.

All this was, of course, in preparation for the general auction, which opened on February 25. The Company's general fur auctions are held in Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, which now stands on the fringe of a vast devastated area, over which towers St. Paul's, miraculously preserved from the bombs and incendiaries of the Luftwaffe. The hall is built like a lecture room, with a high rostrum for the auctioneer in front, and benches seating some six hundred buyers in the body of the hall.

No furs are visible at the sale. Buyers bid from the lot numbers in the catalogue which they have previously marked in the warehouse. They can bid with confidence as to the quality of what they buy, because of the high standard of sampling and grading maintained by the Hudson's Bay Company.

The first post-war general auction was, as has been seen, an important occasion in the history of the fur trade. To mark the event, Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper, thirtieth Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, presided at the opening. At ten o'clock, Sir Patrick appeared and took his place on the rostrum. In making his address to a packed audience, he welcomed buyers from overseas—most of whom had not been in England since 1939—and members of the London fur trade. "In the Hudson's Bay Company," he said, "recognizing as we do that a great responsibility lies upon us, we have thrown our resources wholeheartedly into the London market. We have brought the furs here, we have re-established our well known assortment, and it is now up to you, gentlemen, to make this auction a success."

As the Governor withdrew, his place in the centre of the rostrum was taken by Francis Goad, well known member of the oldest firm of auctioneers in the fur trade. With him were his two sons, John and Robert. All three wore red carnations in their buttonholes, a tradition when selling for the Hudson's Bay Company.

The auction began. Business transacted in the first hour was calculated at about £50,000. In two minutes £6,000 was paid for one lot of musquash (muskrat) skins. In all, about £200,000 worth of business was done during that first day.

And so today war-scarred London resumes her traditional position as world centre of the fur trade. She has the advantage of geographical position, rich experience, expert knowledge of the trade and a wealth of associations with it.

At the first post-war general auction, Beaver Hall is packed with buyers.

How Goose Bay Was Discovered

by Kenneth Wright

Northwest River post, from where F. T. Jenkins set out to survey the sandy plateau which he later recommended as the site of Goose Bay Airport. The Company buildings are those to left of centre. Photo by C. Palaisy, August 1935. C.P. Air Lines

IN August 1935 a Canadian forestry engineer set out to do a private timber survey of the Labrador watershed for a British pulp and paper company. He was commissioned to map the area, and estimate the quantities and varieties of standing timber, as well as report on the possibilities of getting it out.

Labrador, a rugged 120,000 square miles of lakes and forests and hills, belonging to Newfoundland, even now has been but slightly explored and much of it only roughly mapped. In 1935 there were even fewer maps. The best available at that time was one drawn for the Department of Justice during the Canada-Newfoundland boundary dispute, which was finally settled in 1927. Even this showed practically nothing of the interior except a few hazily sketched rivers, and some lakes which were often shown many miles out of place.

The forester, F. T. Jenkins, now superintendent of aerial surveys for Canadian Pacific Air Lines, took off on August 7 from Fairchild airport on the south shore of the St. Lawrence near Montreal. His pilot was W. H. Irvine, now district inspector of Eastern Airways, Department of Transport, while the air engineer and photographer was Charles Palaisy, now with Trans-Canada Airlines at Winnipeg. Their Canadian Airways pontoon-equipped Fairchild 71C was heavily loaded, for besides the three men, it carried a month's supply of emergency rations, bush clothing and equipment for the party, forest survey material, a Fairchild K3 camera, and a canoe slung beneath the fuselage.

The party arrived at Battle Harbour in southern Labrador on August 8, and after being grounded several days by bad weather and fog, moved eight miles inland to Mary's Harbour. They found this site had been clear for at least two of the days the party had been fog-bound eight miles away. The group stayed at the Grenfell Mission there, and covered some 5,000 square miles of the surrounding territory. Jenkins was anxious to move north, knowing winter would set in there first, and he planned to work his way southward if this happened earlier than expected.

On August 16 the party transferred its base to Cartwright, where its members were put up at the home of the Hudson's Bay Company representative. They continued to fly on daily survey trips whenever the weather was good, and spent their time ground cruising when

this was impossible. In case they were forced down, they always carried a two-weeks supply of concentrated rations.

On August 23 the party moved on to Northwest River. Jenkins' diary entry for August 28 reads, in part, as follows:

"Had lunch on 32 trout which Bill caught in first lake. Took samples of timber and cruised. Then went on via Kenamu to Hamilton River and landed above Muskrat Falls. Took samples in SB on south side and then crossed river to open scrub spruce plain. Then returned to Northwest River."

The "scrub spruce plain" was part of an elevated sand terrace with a hardpan sand base. Jenkins marked it on his map: "OB [Old Burn, an area burned over more than three years previously] sandy, flat to undulating, plateau, open [stand] SY [softwood, young]; scattered spruce, 5′ to 25′ high," and went on to greener fields.

The party worked out of their Northwest River base until August 30, then returned to Montreal, their job completed, just a month after they had set out.

Years passed. The war came, and thousands of warplanes were needed in Britain. In the winter of 1940-1 the R.C.A.F. decided it needed a base in Labrador for its huge trans-Atlantic ferrying job, in which the R.A.F. and the United States were to take part. The R.C.A.F. had done a little photographic surveying of a strip along the coast, from Cartwright to Battle Harbour, in 1939. On this occasion, Jenkins had been able to give the fliers some information about conditions and bases in the area. It was logical, therefore, that when seeking possible sites for a Labrador airport, the Service should again turn to the man who at that time had a wider knowledge of the topography of the country than anyone else.

The late Group Captain C. C. Walker, at that time Director of Photography and Intelligence, R.C.A.F. Headquarters Staff at Ottawa, who knew something of Jenkins' Labrador explorations, first approached him for information and invited him to come to Ottawa to discuss the matter.

Before giving answers to all his questions, Jenkins carefully reviewed his 1935 map and diary notes. In the 42,000 square miles sketched on his aerial reconnaissance map, only two localities seemed to offer possibilities for an airfield. Elsewhere the flat areas were muskegs. The better of the two was at the head of Lake Melville, where all the natural conditions for an extensive airbase seemed to be present. Because of the superior weather conditions in the Northwest River region, and the existence of the well-drained, elevated sandy terrace with only scattered small trees to clear, he

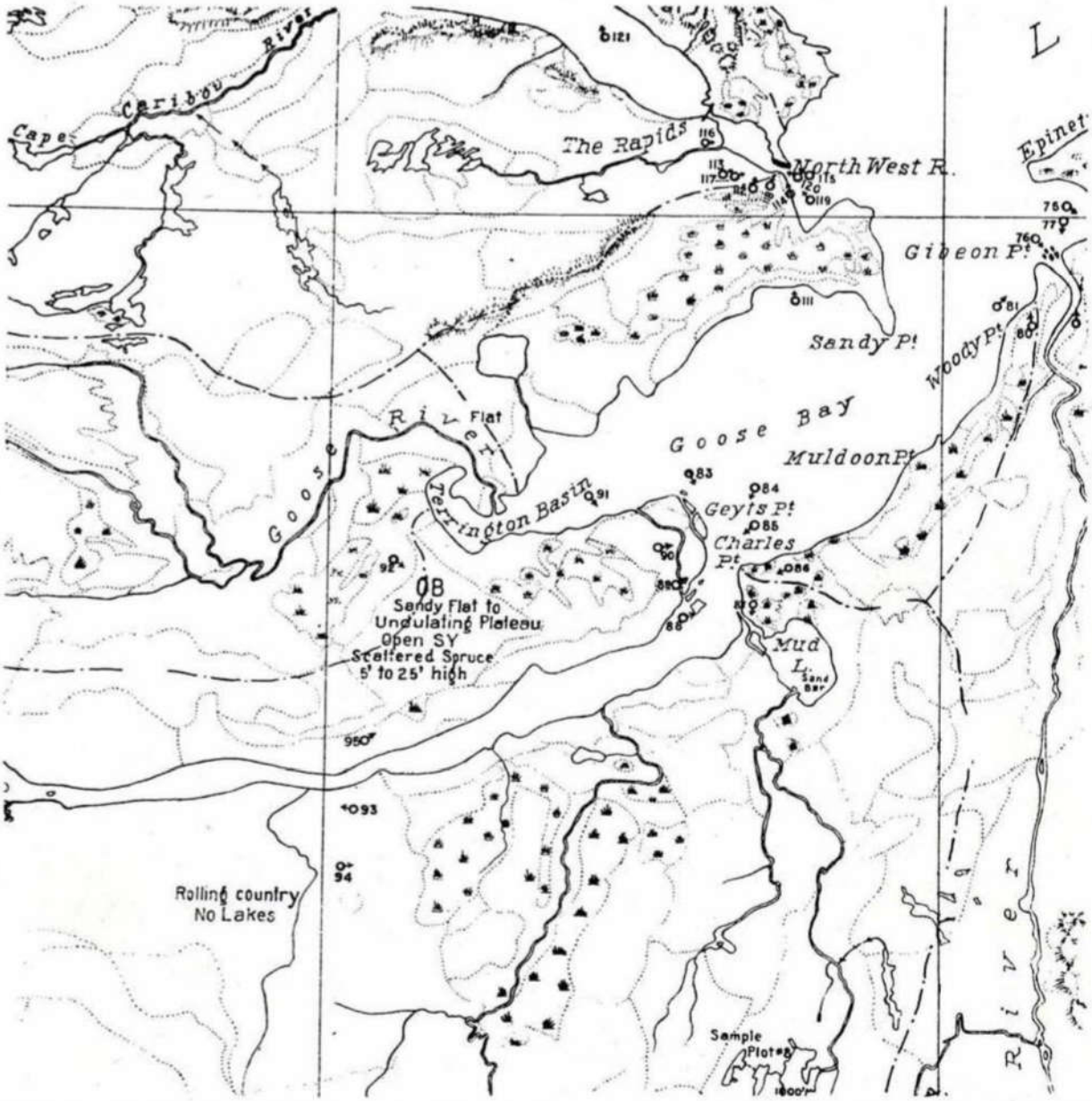
F. T. Jenkins in the cockpit of a Vickers "Vedette" about 1929.

was finally led (his notes of the time reveal) to "recommend strongly Northwest River District," especially the sandy plateau he had seen in 1935. He was able to give more details, too, about the Northwest River site, for he had visited the spot on foot. In addition, he suggested three alternative sites.

The map he had made of the area was technically the property of the paper company which employed him to make it, and as it abounded with detailed and confidential information about pulpwood he was unable to deliver it to the R.C.A.F. He did, however, allow an R.C.A.F. draftsman to mark on another map, with an X, each of the three sites he suggested in the

The plane used by Mr. Jenkins in his survey flights of 1935. Here the canoe is being taken off in a Labrador lake.

A striking shot of the Grand Falls on the Hamilton River, showing the angle of descent and the right-angle turn of the river. F.T.J.



Section of Mr. Jenkins' forest type map of 1935, with all but one type symbol removed—that of the sandy plateau where Goose Bay Airport is now situated. It was this map that he showed to the R.C.A.F. in the winter of 1940-1.

Northwest River district as possible, and another some 120 miles further east, near the Backway. He also supplied them with several oblique photographs, taken in 1935, some of which showed part of the plateau containing the "scrub spruce plain."

Shortly after this information had been delivered, Group Captain Walker was taken ill and died suddenly. He was replaced by W/C R. Logan, and Jenkins was requested by Air Vice Marshal A. A. L. Cuffe to come to Ottawa with the same information to discuss the matter with Air Vice-Marshal F. V. Heakes, W/C Logan, and himself.

In the following summer the R.C.A.F. took action to choose the best site. Armed with the information Jenkins had given them, they were able to concentrate on examination of the locations he advocated, instead of flying all over Labrador. Jenkins, of course, had not examined the sites from the viewpoint of their suitability as airports. He was interested at the time only in pulpwood. It was necessary, therefore, to send an expert in this field to study the places marked on his map, and Eric "Jack" Fry of the Dominion Topographic Survey was chosen to make a report on the situation.

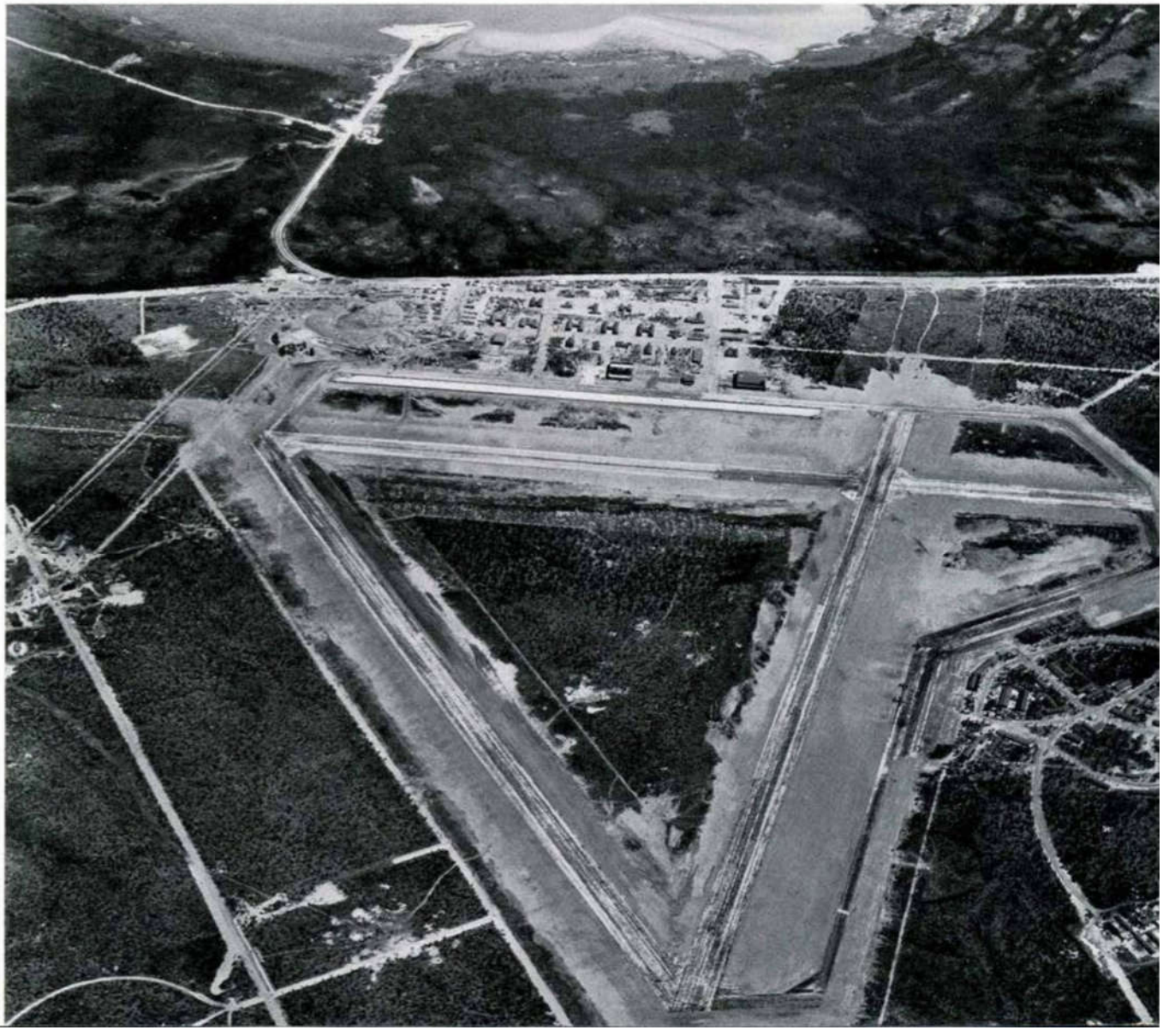
The rest of the story is well known. Fry's report was responsible for the choice of Jenkins' "scrub spruce plain" as the site of the proposed airbase. The Department of Transport got to work quickly; the first supply ship arrived in September 1941, and the first plane to land at the base reached there on December 9.

Thus was discovered the largest airbase in the world —Goose Bay.

C. P. Air Lines

The top picture, taken on one of Mr. Jenkins' survey flights in 1935, shows at bottom left part of the site of Goose Bay Airport, seen below. The little bay on the extreme left of the top photo is the same as that at the top of the lower one. In the upper picture the outlet of the Hamilton River is on the right, Goose Bay on the left, and the elevated sand terrace, where the airport was laid out, in centre. It was taken from the spot marked 92 on the map opposite. The road across the bottom picture follows the straight edge of the sand terrace seen in the top one.

R.C.A.F.



Moose Factory Photos

The late H. M. S. Cotter, son of Chief Factor J. L. Cotter who took the historical pictures of Moose Factory in this issue, has left some interesting notes on them. In connection with the photo showing the building of the store in 1871, he remarks that when the old flat-roofed store was demolished "silver coins of the reign of George the Third were taken from the cornerstone and preserved at Moose in my father's office. The entire business of Moose Factory and surrounding country was done in this old building. All kinds of old war accoutrements were stored in its upper storeys, including cannon wheels, sabres, flintlock muskets fitted with long bayonets, and hundreds of solid and hollow iron cannon ball. Some years previous to its demolition, its roof was built in the form of embattlements, behind which brass cannon were mounted."

Traditions live long in a place like Moose Factory, where "the centuries blend and blur," and although the last battles with the French had been fought at the end of the 17th Century the men of Moose Factory still talked of them. "I remember as a boy," writes Mr. Cotter, "how the old-timers would speak in awed tones of the furious Frenchmen lying in ambush, ready to jump on the unwary English trader. It is a curious fact how these old legends persist around many Hudson's Bay posts and are handed down from generation to generation."

Of the building of the present store he says: "English, Scottish and native carpenters were responsible for its construction. The framework includes many heavy twelve by twelve timbers, all solidly bolted together and reinforced with heavy iron and natural grown wooden knees, somewhat after the construction of a wooden ship. The whole framework is morticed and tennoned throughout and not toe-capped and run up as modern buildings are. The late Mr. Chief Factor James Anderson was the architect and contractor, and it is estimated a quarter of a million feet of hand-sawn lumber entered into its construction."

In regard to the picture at the top of page 29, Mr. Cotter recalls that to get the London cargo landed was a slow and laborious business, for between ship and shore it had to be handled three times. For many years the entire London cargo loaded at the West India docks was put ashore at the landing stage by means of the little crane seen in the picture.

"For the Indian population at Moose, working the ships' cargo was the time of their lives. On one shilling a day and stripped to the waist, the sweat rolling from their brown backs, they toiled and laboured with a vehemence that was truly astonishing. Excitement kept them going at fever heat for they were handling new cargo, all of which contained the good things of life for their general welfare. Man competed against man, and crew against crew in their efforts to handle the cargo with despatch. They fought over the cases of guns and bales of broadcloth, and nothing was too heavy for them to lift. The old fashioned hand trucks, running with no grease on the axles, gave forth the most terrible sound, for they were rushed up and down as fast as the Indians could travel. Bare-headed and bare-footed, and stripped to the waist, they performed this work in the greatest of good humour. Everyone was happy."

Oregon Treaty

On Saturday, June 15, Canada and the United States will observe the centenary of the Treaty of Washington, by which the boundary between the two countries west of the Rockies was fixed at the 49th parallel. Dr. Kaye Lamb, in a valuable article in the March *Beaver*, has described the Company's part in the events which led up to this treaty. As he says, "Nothing less than Canada's access to the Pacific Ocean was at stake, and it was the settlement then arrived at that made possible the Dominion of today, stretching from sea to sea."

As part of the centennial ceremonies, Canada's new Governor-General, Viscount Alexander, will join President Truman at Blaine, Washington, just below the border near the coast, to dedicate a granite monument commemorating one hundred years of peace between the two countries.

Before the boundary line was settled, Britain sent out some expeditions to enquire into the situation. One of these was in H.M.S. *America*, commanded by Capt. the Hon. John Gordon, brother of the Foreign Secretary. There is an amusing tradition current on the west coast that it was Gordon who really persuaded Britain that Oregon was not worth fighting for, because the salmon would not rise to the fly. The origin of this quaint legend is evidently Roderick

Finlayson's manuscript *History of Vancouver Island*, kept by the Provincial Archives in Victoria.

Finlayson relates how in June 1845, Gordon stayed at the new Fort Victoria for a week or so, and how one morning they had salmon for breakfast. "The Captain seemed somewhat surprised & asked where the salmon was had. O! We have plenty of salmon was the reply. Have you got flies & rods said the Captain. We have lines & bait was the answer & sometimes the Indians take them with the net &c. No fly, no fly, responded our guest. . . . Capt. Gordon felt greatly dissatisfied because he could not have the use of a rod fly."

Another even more ridiculous legend relates that Gordon really didn't like Oregon because he couldn't get a proper bath. This story was actually published as history by no less a magazine than the *American Mercury:* "Called before England's leaders for his report, Captain Gordon declared sulphurically that he 'wouldn't give the bleakest knoll on the bleakest hill of Scotland for all of Oregon's mountains in a heap,' and the word of this magnificent dim-wit was accepted without question. . . . On the strength of Captain Gordon's misinformation, England abandoned all thought of war. . . . Captain Gordon had given us Oregon because he couldn't get a bath!" Wonderful!

The "quotation" from his report given above is evidently a highly fanciful version of the remark made to Finlayson at Victoria, and quoted in the above-mentioned manuscript: "Finlayson, I would not give the most barren hills in the Highlands of Scotland for all I see around me." Doubtless a pure confidence expressed by one homesick Scot to another.

Preserving History

An act was passed by the Government of the Province of Manitoba last April which received very little attention outside the legislature, but which all historically-minded people will applaud. Known as the *Historic Sites Preservation Act*, it states that "No historic site, ethnological object, or anthropological object, shall be examined, investigated, surveyed, excavated, destroyed, moved, exported, or taken from the province, except by permission of the minister."

The minister in question will be assisted by an advisory board, consisting of seven members, of whom one each will be appointed from the Manitoba Historical Society, the Manitoba Museum Association, and the University of Manitoba.

Last year the Federal Government passed an ordinance in respect to archaeological sites in the Northwest Territories, prohibiting the excavation or investigation of such sites, or the removal of objects having ethnological importance, unless by special permission. In 1936, British Columbia passed a law protecting historic objects, including "structures" and Indian picture writing and carving. If the other provinces and the Yukon pass similar laws, historic buildings and sites throughout the Dominion will be protected from vandals as well as from the depredations of well meaning but untrained amateur archaeologists and historians.

Canso

Now that aircraft are again becoming available for private use, the Hudson's Bay Company is beginning to build up a small fleet of airplanes for its far-flung operations in the North. Last December it purchased a Norseman, which can be fitted with either skis, floats, or wheels, and it has now ordered a Canso A—or Catalina as it is called in the States—a Consolidated PBY amphibian flying boat. Noted for their long range and dependability, these Cansos were used extensively during the war by the R.C.A.F. for convoy escort and anti-submarine patrols.

The Company machine, which was built for the Air Force, will be converted for peacetime use by the removal of all military equipment, including gun blisters and nose turret, by streamlining the nose, fitting large loading doors, and so on. One compartment will be fitted for six passengers, and the others will accommodate up to three tons of freight. The plane will be used for transporting personnel and freight to remote Arctic areas, the latter by parachute when necessary.

Contributors

Mrs. Effie Butler is a Winnipeg writer, whose husband is supervisor of fisheries for the Manitoba Government. . . . Leonard Butler, Ph.D., the Company biologist, has been making a study for some years of fur cycles and the wild life of the fur preserves. . . . Henry Ellis made a voyage to Hudson's Bay two centuries ago as a representative of Arthur Dobbs. Other extracts from his book were published in the last *Beaver*. . . . Dorothy O. Johansen is on the staff of the Division of History at Reed College, Portland, Oregon. . . . Alice M. Johnson is a member of the H B C Archives staff in London. . . . Drs. J. T. H. Johnson and Peter Randall are recent graduates from the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. . . . N. M. Roberts, a member of the Fur Trade Depot staff in Winnipeg, has spent seven years in the Eastern Arctic. . . . Walter N. Sage is head of the department of history at the University of British Columbia. . . . Staff Sergeant Fred Way was attached to the moving force of Exercise Muskox as special writer. . . . Kenneth Wright, Montreal publicity man, was a R.C.A.F. PRO during the war.

Fun for the Young

Extract from the *Alaska Highway News*, Fort St. John, May 9:

"Mr. and Mrs. Barney Dopp enjoyed the company of their two grandchildren over the Easter season. The day they arrived they saw two herds of deer browsing on the flat opposite the coulee west of the Dopp homestead. The second day the children watched a great big timber wolf gnawing at a dead horse, also on the flat. The third day Grandpa Barney took aim on the critter and landed him right on the nose. The wolf was the biggest ever seen in these parts. Mr. Dopp will collect ten dollars bounty, but he provided much more valuable entertainment for his two grandchildren."

Book Reviews

THE JOURNAL OF JOHN WORK, January to October, 1835, with an introduction and notes by Henry Drummond Dee. Archives of British Columbia Memoir No. X, Victoria, B.C. King's Printer, 1945. 97 pages.

JOHN Work, a lovable Irishman in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, has left behind him a series of most important journals which deal with the period from 1823 to 1851. Henry Drummond Dee, M.A., vice-principal of the High School of Victoria, B.C., has for years carefully studied the texts of the sixteen journals which are, with one exception, preserved in the Provincial Archives at Victoria. He has already written several important articles on John Work which have appeared in the *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*. His master's thesis for the University of British Columbia was a detailed study of the life and achievements of John Work. No one could have been selected as editor of the 1835 journal who is better acquainted with the field.

It is to be regretted that in the past John Work's journals have often been printed from inferior transcripts without sufficient reference to the originals. The exceptions are those journals edited by Mrs. Alice Bay Maloney and Mr. Dee. Mrs. Maloney's *Fur Brigade to the Bonaventura* has already been reviewed in the pages of *The Beaver*.

Most of John Work's journals deal with overland trading expeditions, but the 1835 journal is a tale of the maritime fur trade. By 1835 the Hudson's Bay Company was seriously cutting into the trade of their American and Russian competitors on the northwest coast. This phase of the company's activities has not been very well known and thus Mr. Dee's carefully documented study is of great value.

The journal, as printed, begins with January 20, 1835, when Work was on board the *Lama*, Captain W. H. McNeill, at anchor off the mouth of the Columbia. Dr. John McLoughlin had ordered Work to proceed to Fort Simpson "to assume the charge of that Department." The *Lama* finally got under way on January 22 and arrived at Fort McLoughlin, Milbanke Sound, on February 2. After three days halt at the fort the vessel proceeded to Fort Simpson arriving on February 11. From Fort Simpson the *Lama*, with Work on board, made various cruises, to Alaska, up the Nass River, to the north end of Vancouver Island and to the Queen Charlottes. The return voyage commenced on September 8. Fort Vancouver was reached on October 24, 1835, and the journal ends three days later.

It was a case of cut-throat competition on the northwest coast. Work found that he had to raise his tariff to compete with his rivals. The Indians chiefly desired blankets, tobacco, rum, rice and molasses. Where Work was prepared to offer one blanket, the natives demanded ten. But the Indians seemed to realize that the high prices would not last. Work tells us on May 17 that "they are enquiring how long these prices are likely to continue and were promptly told by us only so long as our opponents remained."

The chief criticism of the otherwise excellent volume is its lack of an index. Possibly it was omitted because the journal was originally published in parts in the *British Columbia Historical Quarterly* and the plates were retained. But there is so much valuable information in the journal that an index is badly needed.

Mr. Dee is to be congratulated on his careful, accurate work and the Archives of British Columbia should be complimented for having, after many years, resumed the publication of their series of *Memoirs*.—*Walter N. Sage.*

WHERE THE HIGH WINDS BLOW, by Bruce Campbell, illustrated by Philip Bear. Scribner's, New York, and Reginald Saunders, Toronto, 1946. 221 pages.

THIS is a tale of four years' service (1934-8) with the Hudson's Bay Company in the Eastern Arctic. Its author, who joined the R.C.A.F. in 1940 and was shot down over Germany, wrote it from memory in various prison camps. Its illustrator was a fellow prisoner who had spent two summers whaling in the Antarctic.

The book is readable, interesting, and beautifully illustrated, and it has received good reviews from people unfamiliar with the subject. But as *The Beaver's* mission in life is to publish accurate information, as well as to combat misinformation, on the North, it will not be out of place to point out here a few of the numerous inaccuracies found in the volume. The numbers in parentheses refer to the pages. (12) The name of the Company is incorrectly given. (13) 1838 should be 1821. British Government should read Canadian Government. (16) The cairns were built to represent men in the caribou drive. (17) The reasons the Eskimos do not live near Wolstenholme post are lack of game and open floe in the winter. (18) In 1934 the post had been established for twenty-five years, and the natives were well versed in the value of fox skins. The attitude represented here is that of the primitive Eskimo.

(22) Beaver pelts were never cut into discs to make tokens, which were usually of metal. (36) Muktuk is not the flesh of the white whale, but the layer of "cork" between the thin outer skin and the fat or blubber. (40) Anyone who refers to the Eskimo, at any season, as "a cringing, miserable being" doesn't know him very well.

(50) "Albanaki" should read "Abnaki." The accepted theory among anthropologists is that most of the Eskimo came across Bering Strait. (51) There are lots of Eskimos living more than thirty or forty miles from the sea. (72) About ninety percent drivel. (74) Hardly any apprentices returned after their first year

in the Arctic. (75) Re advice profferred, see 72 above. (86) *Sugluk* means "The place where the hillsides are swept clear of snow by high winds." *Sedluk* means "thin."

(87) See 72 above. (127) An *under*statement here. Natives will wait for days at a breathing hole, if necessary. (142) So a dog dropped dead from the cold, eh? (159) The name Povungnetuk refers to the stench of dead caribou slaughtered there many years ago. (171) This account of Oyerak's "magical rites" may be believed by some people, *but* . . . Anyway, the *Nascopie* was right on time that year. Eskimo conjurors in the east never wear masks. (184) Napaktuk was taught the gospel by Rev. E. R. Peck at Great Whale River, long before the author was born.

There are other, minor errors, too many to list here; but if the reader bears in mind some of the above points, he will get a pretty fair idea of life at a Company post in the Eastern Arctic. And according to the reviewers concerned only with the book's literary aspects, he will enjoy it too. Hudson's Bay men and other northerners will also enjoy reading about their friends, several of whom are mentioned by name. —*N. M. Roberts.*

TALES THE TOTEMS TELL, by Hugh Weatherby. Illustrated by the author. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, 1945. 96 pages.

TALES the totems tell are plentiful among the Indians of the North Pacific Coast; they are colourful and different from those current in our literature. Yet, at times, they remind us of our ancient fables, where animals converse with people. The carvings and totem poles illustrating those tales constitute an art of outstanding merit and repute within the country and in the world at large. It is befitting that our writers should seek the folk possessed of this traditional lore and plastic art, in the midst of picturesque backgrounds; that they should reap and absorb all they can of the spirit of an adventurous and creative race; and that they should embody their harvest into works of dignity and artistic merit.

At once the reader wants to find out what the stories are meant to offer. A few lines within the jacket of Mr. Weatherby's book explain that the author, who is also the illustrator, "presents the stories as they were told to him by the Indians who have carved them. . . ." He makes "no claim to ethnological accuracy." In 1937 he "came to work for the British Columbia Forest Service, and in the course of his work he came in contact with Indians . . . great story tellers, and it followed naturally that he should attempt to record the yarns they told." In 1940 Mr. Weatherby took a trip to the Queen Charlotte Islands. He writes: "It was during this trip that I really got down to the business of putting the legends on paper."

This might lead one to believe that the stories were collected on the Queen Charlotte Islands from the Haida. Yet most of them, except possibly two or three out of ten, are not Haida, but Tsimsyan of the upper Skeena River near Hazelton. The one of the "Forbidden Plateau" belongs to the Nootka country on Vancouver Island farther south.

Similar Tsimsyan tales, with far more detail and precision, were recorded on the Skeena much earlier by this reviewer. They form part of the collections of the National Museum of Canada. Some of them have already been published; for instance, "The Painted Goat of Stekyawden" (*The Downfall of Temlaham*, Macmillans, 1928). It is strange that the author's phonetic spelling of Tsimsyan names throughout his book should be exactly the same. It may be presumed that Mr. Weatherby had access to the source materials of the upper Skeena, and we wonder how this came to be, since no information is available on this subject.

His treatment of the native stories here, and the writing, are very poor; they are journalistic and careless. The lack of feeling for backgrounds runs into such things as "in half an hour he was dead," "seven days, seven nights," "in split-seconds," "next few weeks," and these in an Indian country entirely devoid of such foreign notions concerning time and the calendar.

The illustrations by the author are also out of keeping with the district. He does not know the country nor the art of the people. The masks on the cover and elsewhere are of the Pueblo type in the southwest, not of the north Pacific coast; the natives never wore moccasins nor tight-fitting buckskin trousers, rodeo style; nor eagle feathers tucked in a head-band, such as are in evidence in the illustrations; nor did the men braid their long hair as on the prairies.

Inspiring as are native themes, and rich with rare materials worthy of assimilation and reinterpretation in all arts, a writer is bound to abide by high cultural standards. Yet this little book falls short of its implicit purpose.—*Marius Barbeau.*

OUTDOORS WITH A CAMERA IN CANADA, by Dan McCowan, F.Z.S. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, 1945. 103 pages.

THE set-up of this book is simple. On each right hand page there is a photograph by the author: opposite it are his remarks on the object depicted. And although the title of the book would lead you to suppose that the text is subsidiary to the illustrations, most readers will probably consider that the reverse is true.

Mr. McCowan, the naturalist of Banff, is already known to readers of this magazine as an occasional contributor. He has a flair for making nature study interesting to the layman, and he presents his material with charm and originality. A good example of this is found in his remarks on the fossil trilobite; another in his description of the flower, Ladies' Tresses.

Congratulations are also due the publishers for the way in which they have laid out the book. The reader is not confronted with all the flowers in a group, followed by all the trees, all the animals, and all the birds. As in nature, they are presented without any special sequence—first some spruce trees beside a river, then a mule deer, then a grouse, then a pasque flower, then a squirrel, and so on. The effect is that of going for a walk with the author while he points out these objects by the wayside, and offers some highly interesting bits of information about them as you follow him along the trail.—*C.W.*

THREE MILE BEND, by Kerry Wood. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1946.

NATURAL history stories are hard to relate with both authenticity and entertainment, but Mr. Wood succeeds in keeping the reader interested and even excited in places over the life stories of Ariel the flying squirrel, Wass-Wa the great blue heron, Broadback the beaver, Fatty the porcupine, and the family life of the Canada goose. Besides furnishing good entertainment, these chapters awaken in the reader a new awareness of the struggle for existence that is going on under our noses all the time. One criticism to be made of these charming stories is that his animals reason things out from a human viewpoint instead of thinking as an animal would.

When the author strays from the field of humorous phantasy, and stories based on his own accurate wild life observation, into the realm of wild life management, he becomes bigoted and his thinking very muddled. This is particularly noticeable in the case of the beaver. He advocates "that beaver should be protected all over this continent, even in the far north." No pelts should ever be taken but we should "let fur farmers raise the pelts on fenced land and sell them under a rigidly supervised permit system." However, famine and disease can be just as big a decimator of beaver colonies in times of over-population as they have been of deer herds. The nuisance value of beaver near railways, highways, power plants and irrigation ditches, is very high when they are allowed to increase unchecked in settled country. The economic hardship to the Indians of the north is not mentioned.

We all realize that the present beaver population is too small and that an adequate beaver population would be an asset to the whole continent, but complete protection is not the answer. H B C beaver preserves are much nearer to the ideal. They provide a maximum population and, at the same time, give the native a prosperous income from trapping.—*L. Butler.*

ESKIMO SUMMER, by Douglas Leechman. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1945, 247 pages.

ONE might think that a book by an archaeologist, describing his search for Eskimo dwellings and artifacts at the southeastern entrance to Hudson Strait, would be of interest to few readers. But Dr. Leechman has made his search for relics merely incidental to this delightful story of the few weeks he spent with an Eskimo family in the summer of 1935.

The object of his trip was to discover the remains of houses which had once been inhabited by Eskimos of the ancient Cape Dorset culture. To help him in doing the spadework, he engaged at Port Burwell a one-eyed Eskimo named Bobby Anakatok (see *The Beaver*, March 1944, p. 18). Bobby, however, had to take along his wife Lily and their little Jimmy; and as Lily couldn't handle white man's cooking, his sister Jenny had to be included. Lastly, for good measure his brother Mark came along to help with the boat and the diggings.

The archaeologist Ph.D. from the National Museum in Ottawa therefore found himself camping out with five Eskimos with whom he came to live on the most congenial terms, and to whom, before the book is ended, he is referring to quite naturally as "my family." Each one was definitely an individual, and their characters are drawn here with skill. There was Bobby, alert, self-confident, and able—"most undeniably, a man." There was Lily, one-eyed like her husband, and in danger of losing the other, a quiet, rather ineffective person. Jimmy, a regular four-year old boy in any man's language, but hardier than his white counterpart. Mark, a bit lazy and shiftless, soon tiring of the work in hand. And Jenny, the heroine of the tale, a bright, capable, energetic girl whom any Eskimo would be lucky to have as wife.

Dr. Leechman and his family spent the first part of their camping trip on the Button Islands in Hudson Strait, and the second on McClelan Strait just off the extreme northerly tip of Labrador. The fact that he didn't find any of the Cape Dorset houses he set out to seek doesn't bother the reader very much. The important point here is that the man who tells the tale has the student's viewpoint, and that he saw what he describes, not with the superficial eye of the tourist, but with the discerning eye of the scientist. One feels all along that the account is not written to impress the reader in any way, but is absolutely genuine. Actually, the manuscript of the book was read by a man with many years' experience in the Eastern Arctic, and enthusiastically approved by him.

It is perfectly evident that the author thoroughly enjoyed his field trip, and he makes you enjoy it with him. One of his chief amusements was going for walks with his family. "They were very delightful, those walks. There were so many things to see, so many to comment on, so many questions to ask. . . . It was a brave new world, filled with new things, new impressions, new wonderings. Most of them I had to keep to myself, for I could still express only the simplest thoughts in Eskimo, but it was surprising how well we did make ourselves understood. There was, too, such an understanding between us, such a companionship as I have seldom felt with other people. My Eskimo family were always most considerate, most kindly."

When the *Nascopie* finally comes back to Port Burwell and picks him up, he is loth to leave his friends with whom he has shared so many adventures, so many dangers and inconveniences, and so much laughter. And he has told his tale so skilfully that the reader shares with him the emotion he feels at parting with them.

"One leaves the north with a keen sense of regret, with a feeling that one is giving up something that is very good and returning to a life which, whatever else it may be, is not quite so good; a life where problems are more numerous and more complex but where the stakes are of less value, the decisions of less importance, the gains less desirable. . . . In years to come, those who have seen the North will never forget it."

Nor will the reader easily forget this family of Eskimos and the hardy life they lead. Some of them may have extracts from the book translated to them, and will listen in amazement. But its hero, One-eyed Bobby, will never see it. It may well be his monument, for he died last winter.—*C.W.*

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